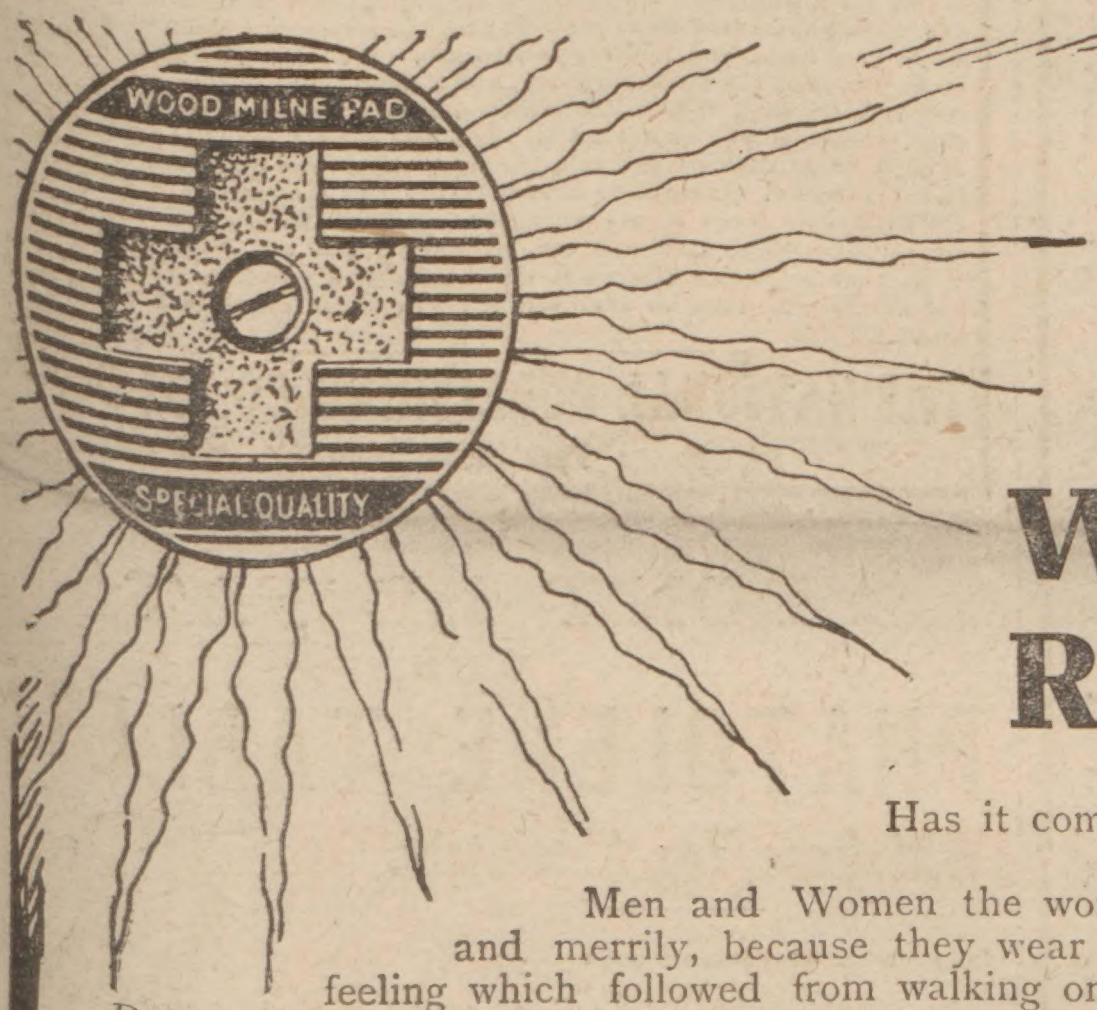
WATCH US GROW

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 51. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 23RD, 1909. ONE PENNY.



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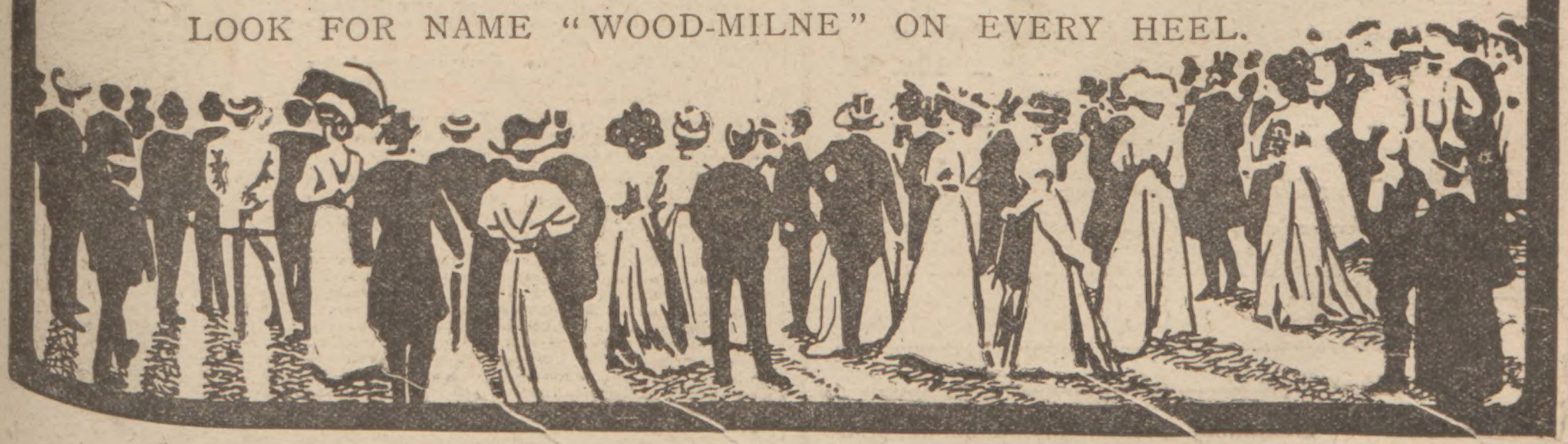

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Suitable for age 18 and upwards.

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Free to Enter

This grand Competition is entirely **FREE TO ENTER**, and every reader of this paper can enter for it. Just for a few minutes of clever brain work you may share in the large Cash Prizes we are offering. The pieces above have to be cut out and formed into a circle. You will have to puzzle your brains for a while, but keep at it until you succeed in forming the circle, and when you have done so paste or gum the pieces on a sheet of paper and write your name and address underneath. We shall give £200 in cash to those who form the circle correctly, and if more than one correct solution is received we shall divide the money *pro rata*. Send in your solution at once, as even if you do not get all the pieces correct we offer another prize of £50 to be divided *pro rata* amongst those who place not less than 4 pieces correctly. As we have already stated, this competition is **FREE TO ENTER**, and there is only one simple condition with which you have to comply, and which need cost you, necessarily, not one single penny piece. With your solution enclose a stamped addressed envelope for result, &c., and at the same time we shall also tell you about other cash prizes value about £1,750.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 51. WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 23RD, 1909. ONE PENNY.

TAKING OFFENCE.

THE SENSITIVE MAN'S CHIEF FAULT.

There is an old joke that when a man really has red hair his sweetheart calls it auburn; I might paraphrase this by saying that when a man is really too self-conscious, with possibly more than a dash of self-conceit, he calls himself over-sensitive.

His fault—if it be a fault and not an affliction—bears its own punishment, for he is constantly being disappointed with his friends.

He may be with a number of them, all extremely well disposed towards him, but two of them may laugh at something which strikes them as humorous, and which has no connection whatsoever with anyone present. It does not occur to them to explain the joke to the company at large, for possibly it is too trivial.

Straightway and at once the over-sensitive man supposes that the jest is directed against him, that he has, in short, made himself a subject for humour.

On the other hand, he may feel certain that he has not in any way made himself ridiculous, and that therefore the laughter of his friends merely proves that he has ceased to be acceptable to them.

In either case his position is a painful and a pitiable one.

His feelings, however, are not of the chief importance, for at some time or another we are all subject to disappointments or misapprehensions of this type. The chief thing is how he deals with the matter.

Let us suppose that he has, in his own mind, had sufficient justification for taking offence. How is he to act?

Three courses are open to him. The worst is to suppose that humanity at large is more or less offensive, and that the insult he appears to have received is inevitable. If he takes this view, he will accept the circumstance, and will endeavour to forget it, but his view of life will become embittered.

The second course is one which may lose a friend, but will still enable the person chiefly concerned to maintain his self-respect, and also to keep his good opinion of his fellow men. It is for him to drop absolutely the society of those whom he considers to have inflicted an insult upon him.

The third, and unquestionably the best, course is for him to ask the man who has offended him candidly whether he meant to do so.

A question of this sort is unexpected, and it is the unexpected question which brings forth a true answer. If no offence was intended, the look and the tone of surprise on the part of the person accused will be sufficiently convincing to prove to him his error, and, the error being proved, he is enabled to pluck a friendship from the fire of misunderstanding.

Let him have the matter out like a man and not harbour resentment like a woman. Thus will he preserve valued friendships and also learn such salutary lessons as to his own failing that he will in time take a harder and, perhaps, a more whole-some view of life.

OLIVER STOKES.

CHEEK.

Landlords on the West Coast of Ireland are greatly alarmed because so many houses there are settling down into the soft ground. English landlords usually find that *their* trouble is with the tenants who fail to settle up.

* * * * * * *

It is predicted that a General Election will take place between November and January, and many supporters of both parties have expressed their dissatisfaction with the present Government, which has managed to get itself thrown out just when election eggs are dearest.

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We are told from childhood upwards to follow the good example of others, yet a youth was prosecuted the other day for taking a leaf out of a successful merchant's book. The aforesaid merchant objected because it was his cheque book.

* * * * * * *

Several militant Suffragettes have expressed their indignation because three of their comrades have been imprisoned for "merely throwing lemonade at ministers." The trouble arose, however, because they threw it *inside* the bottles.

* * * * * * *

Extract from training manual on "Riding": "In order to give them confidence, recruits may be allowed at the very commencement of the training to amuse themselves in the riding-school by doing anything they like without interference from their instructor beyond his taking care that the horses are not knocked about." Gentlemen breaking their necks are requested to pick themselves up.

* * * * * * *

"Why pay rent?" runs the headline of an advertisement. Because we can't very well owe it—that's all, old sporty.

* * * * * * *

New clothes, we are informed, act as a powerful mental tonic, but we usually feel the need of a stiff B. and S. when we see the bill.

* * * * * * *

"Mr. Balfour," said a few lines of "flowery" in a provincial paper, "is, next to Mr. Chamberlain, the most idolised man in Birmingham." And that's the place—as all Cairo knows—where they make the false gods.

* * * * * * *

A couple the other day had their wedding stopped ere the fatal "I will" was reached. Others, however, are rarely so lucky.

* * * * * * *

A golfer writes to a firm of golf club makers: "I have used your driver for thirteen years, and have driven 2,400 miles with it." Reckoning up the average mileage per annum it does not seem that he has broken the speed limit.

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Madame Melba has become an owner of race-horses. If her G's are as good as her top C's she'll often bring off a treble.

* * * * * * *

Even the housefly is going into business. You see, all the faddists say he is a "typhoid agent."

J. B. PONDERS.

A NIGHT DRIVE.

FOR THE MAN WHO LIKES NOVELTY.

I suppose that one naturally conceives a carter as being a man in earlier middle age, and so he frequently is.

The carter, however, of whom I am thinking, could not have been more than twenty-three.

He worked for a market gardener, without very much in the way of wages, and certainly with nothing in the way of prospects, but money was not his criterion of happiness.

We got to know one another in a casual sort of way, as two young men will do who live in the same village, and one day he suggested that I should accompany him on his night journey to Covent Garden. Being always up to anything in the way of novelty, I agreed.

We left the market gardener's shed shortly after midnight. My friend had warned me that the night would be cold, and I had fortified myself with a heavy overcoat; but in addition to this he insisted on my wrapping some empty sacks about my knees, and when he had protected himself in like manner we moved off.

The handbooks on driving say that you should always feel your horse's mouth, but he let his reins hang quite slack. The end of them he tucked beneath him.

"If there's any bother on the road," he said, "and I'm asleep, the old horse'll tug at the reins and wake me up."

The night was fresh, with just a touch of frost in the air, and we smoked and talked and told stories, the horse meanwhile picking his own way and keeping to the near side of the road as accurately as if every care were being bestowed on his driving. Beyond an occasional "Gee-up" and a crack of the whip, however, he was left to his own devices.

We jogged along the road towards London at a steady walk. The lights in the villages were few, and there was no chance of obtaining refreshment, for every inn was closed. I had, however, taken the precaution of bringing a flask with me, and we sampled its contents, and also a sandwich, about one o'clock.

After that we spoke less and less, and at last I noticed that the young carter had fallen sound asleep.

I was sorely tempted to take the reins, for I feared that the horse might go wrong, but, after all, I was only a passenger, and, as such, ought to accept the ordinary risks of the journey. Therefore I left the reins alone.

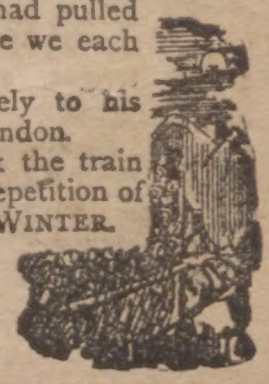
I kept a careful look-out, however, and held myself ready to give the alarm should a motor-car approach. How long I kept my vigil I do not know, but I know when I woke up!

Dawn was breaking, and the horse had pulled up of his own accord at an inn, where we each had a glass of rum and milk.

After this the carter attended closely to his work, for we were in the outskirts of London.

I left him at Covent Garden and took the train home, but I am looking forward to a repetition of the journey.

J. WINTER.



MUCH WANTED FOOTBALL REFORMS

FROM THE PLAYERS' POINT OF VIEW.

I am not yet going to discuss the question as to whether or no professional football players will be well advised to have their own Union, or the still more important question as to whether they should become part and parcel of the great Trades' Union movement which is now such a great feature of our industrial life.

As one of the executive of the Player's Union from its commencement, I know that delicate negotiations are in progress, and there was and is an honourable understanding that those who are in the know shall maintain a strict silence till definite announcements can be given to the Press.

It is one of the most regrettable features that we have men in their character as committeemen solemnly agreeing that no information shall be disclosed, and then in the character of casual contributors, letting out for a considerable sum information that is premature and a distinct breach of the honourable understanding into which they have entered; indeed, it is a well-known fact that several who govern the game make a very good income out of it.

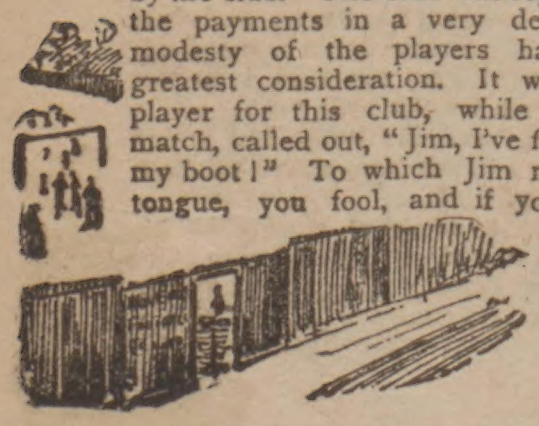
THE MAXIMUM WAGE.

Nearly all professionals agree with the idea that there should be no maximum wage limit. And if the Football Associations have had their way, it is only fair to say that they have brought it forward. and it has been mainly defeated by the representatives of clubs.

Yet if you speak to the supporters of the various organisations, they are almost unanimously in favour of the men getting as much as they can, but neither the League or the Association are in any way to blame for the fact that nothing has been done. The objection is to a limited wage, and there is rank hypocrisy somewhere. I do not think it is on the part of the governing bodies. Mr. N. L. Jackson, in his famous book, tells us that a few years ago payment of players and importation remain unchecked.

OLD METHODS.

"Hypocrisy and deceit were cultivated and improved. Many kept two sets of books, one showing the real accounts, and the other made up to produce to the Football Association in case of emergency. One very general way of evading the laws was for the treasurer, or some trusted official, to pay the players out of the gate money, and then enter the balance as the gross receipts of the day. Another method was to arrange with tradesmen in the town ostensibly to employ players, the wages paid to them being refunded by the club. One club was reported to have made the payments in a very delicate manner, the modesty of the players having received the greatest consideration. It was said that a new player for this club, while dressing after the match, called out, "Jim, I've found a sovereign in my boot!" To which Jim replied, "Hold your tongue, you fool, and if you play better next Saturday, you'll find two!"



From what I hear and from the fact that it has been necessary to grant a general amnesty for all offences within the last year, it seems at least doubtful whether our morality has improved very much as the years have gone on. I know that the removal of the limitation may not prove the blessing it is expected to be, because very few professionals would get more than four pounds a week, and so it might be very necessary to insist upon a minimum wage.

The public seem to have made up their mind that all professional footballers get their wage of four pounds a week. I wish they did.

HOW PLAYERS WOULD SUFFER.

My friend George Hilsdon, the famous International, and I were discussing the question the other day, and he thought that probably in all First Division clubs men get the maximum wage, but that it was very doubtful about the less favoured in the Second Division and in the Southern League, while outside these two latter bodies there are many players, particularly in week-end clubs who get as little as four shillings for the Saturday afternoon.

No! I am afraid the vast majority of players get in the course of a year scarcely half the amount with which they are popularly credited. Now if there were unlimited wages, the "star" players and Internationals would get very much more than they do now. But who would have to pay for it? If clubs cannot meet their expenses now—and they would not be likely to get larger "gates"—moderate players would find themselves with a much reduced salary.

The favoured few would be all right, but the great majority would have to submit to wholesale reductions in order to provide the surplus—that is, unless dishonourable means were resorted to, such as prevailed before the general pardon was granted by the Football Association.

THE SOLUTION.

What I do think we might ask for is a minimum wage and the abolition of a maximum. In the interests of young players this is absolutely essential. The only way to get out of many difficulties, it seems to me, is to let the player get as much as he can in the open market, but such a step will emphasise the fact that football is more of a business than a sport.

Players sooner or later must have power on the governing bodies, and they have now practically no representation, for it is ridiculous to expect illiterate or more or less uneducated persons to be able to do mere justice when pitted against one of the most subtle legal intellects in the land.

There is a strong feeling about the sentence of life-long suspension which was passed upon George Parsonage, of Fulham, last year. It will be remembered that he is asserted to have asked another club who wanted his services for a £50 bonus, and this was reported to the Football Association, with the result that he was suspended as stated.

It is asserted that when approached he made some chaffing remark, and upon this was based the accusation for which he got into trouble. There is a wide-spread feeling of dissatisfaction also, as I have already intimated, about the present transfer system, but that is too large a subject to deal with in the present article. The removal of these grievances would do a great deal to clear the air.

WALTER BULL
(of Tottenham Hotspur).

IS IT TOO MUCH TO ASK?

You have paid a penny for this paper, and the deal is therefore completed. We have had your money; you have had your entertainment.

We don't want to ask anything more unless you happen to feel that we have given you more than a pennyworth.

If you think so, and if you want to set accounts straight, just put in a good word for us with your friends, and get them to buy the paper too.

MALE EMOTIONS.

XIII.—LOVE FROM THE MATERIALISTIC VIEWPOINT.

Schopenhauer, in his "Metaphysics of Love"—an essay which it is well worth the time of every man to read—put forth the conclusion that every emotion of love is nothing but an instinct implanted in us by Nature, whose first law is that of self-preservation. In other words, it is the instinct of reproduction ensuring the continuity of the species.

A further, and no less interesting conclusion of his, was that when a man marries a woman solely for love, the offspring is generally of a higher type than the parents. That is to say, Nature takes care of itself by implanting an instinct in every man and woman to choose the mate best calculated to keep the race up to a high level, or, indeed, improve it.

Following this argument to its finality, if every human being married for no other consideration but love, if each one obeyed the instinct of natural selection, the result would be, in the course of a generation or two, a race of beings superior in all respects to what had existed before.

As confirmation of this point of view, there is very little doubt that the children, especially the first child, of parents who love each other embody the best characteristics of their father and mother, and are of a distinctly higher type than the progeny of a marriage of convenience.

In the idle and wealthy class of society, where unions depend for their choice upon almost every reason but that of love, degenerate and weakly children, both physically and mentally, are a commonplace.

Schopenhauer describes, with many convincing examples and arguments, how a man and a woman may be attracted to each other by love, may feel sure that they are utterly unable to live happily apart, and yet their tastes and temperaments be so incompatible that their life together is perpetual wretchedness.

Again, he draws attention to the frequency with which people fall in love with the most unexpected individuals. They are for the time being, slaves to Nature, who, after the marriage, ruthlessly leaves them to do what they like with their changed circumstances.

I have dealt with this metaphysical definition of love at some length, because it is the almost universally accepted one to-day among thinking men. It is a popular notion that love is a materialistic emotion, that from beginning to end it is a physical instinct, and, like all material things, short-lived; though, despite all this, not by any means base.

There has been much glorification of matter in these progressive and scientific times, when Man is so confident of his ability ultimately to solve all the mysteries of existence.

Well, no matter what conception of love a man may hold, it can safely be said that the first mystery of all is existence, and the materialist does differ from none in accepting the fact that love is responsible for our being in existence at all.

Love is all that Schopenhauer said it was, but it is also a vast deal more. Nature unquestionably looks after its own needs, regardless of the consequences to individuals, but in this connection it seems to me that there is one great, immeasurably important factor which all the materialists miss.

That factor is this.

If love be responsible for the existence of each one of us—and it is impossible logically to exempt any one of the species in animate creation, natural selection being even more conspicuous among them than us—then a fair and reasonable assumption is that love is responsible for the creation of the whole of matter, suns and planets, earth, and all. Immediately this forces the belief that love is the spiritual power which gave birth to matter; that material love, such as we see it, is but the demonstration of an infinite law working through all things, and that to judge love in its immensity, one must attempt to judge it spiritually.

Next week, therefore, I shall deal with it from the spiritual standpoint.

C. WOLFE

HIS FRIEND

A STUDY.

By C. H. WOOTON.

John Davenant lived in one of a terrace of twenty houses, which were precisely similar to one another. But it was an avenue—not a mere ordinary road—and the little sprigs of trees let into a square foot of the pavement edging were really in a flourishing condition, judged from a suburban standpoint.

John Davenant's father was something in the City, and affected creaky boots and a frock coat on Sundays. John Davenant's mother was a faded little woman who was docile to John Davenant's father, and had got beyond the stage of asking pointed questions of John Davenant, now a man grown—so manly, in fact, that he smoked a pipe in the admiring presence of all his younger brothers and his sister, and on Sundays actually asked his father to join him in a pre-lunch gin and bitters at the Horseshoes, on the tram-lined High Street.

Sometimes he had a shilling on a horse. On several occasions he had seen the racing at Kempton, Hurst, or Alexandra Parks. It was believed among the family that he was not unknown in Leicester Square.

At the office he had the reputation for being rather a "dog," and he was a little proud of this, although it was not strictly true.

All the foregoing is written to show you what a very ordinary young man was John Davenant, as the world knew him, and as he knew himself.

But yet there was something about him which saved him from complete mediocrity, something that made older men than himself want to speak to him again. There was that in this boy that attracted men to him.

Girls of his own age thought him, to put it plainly, just a bit of a fool. But the women who had passed the giggling stage saw more than mere conceit of himself in his deep, thoughtful, kindly eyes.

But John Davenant never bothered his head with them. They were good to look upon, good to have a certain amount of fun with—but John Davenant was not a "lady's man." On the other hand, he had no leanings towards a hermit's life.

"That boy," said the women, contemptuously, at length, "is wrapped up in his friend!"

So they forgot John Davenant—which fact would at that time have pleased him, had he known they had ever thought about him.

It is really rather a pity that he would have been glad because they forgot him, for perhaps when it comes to the evening of a man's life the love of a good woman is beyond the esteem of a friend. John Davenant was at the age when a man begins to think of his friends as just a little more than convivial companions.

In most cases there comes the breaking point, when man goes to woman as Nature intended he should. Of her he is. To her he clings at the last.

John Davenant, rightly or wrongly, had put his trust in his friend.

And this was before the breaking point came. You must remember that.

Now there had been for John Davenant the birth of Friendship of Man, which, if infinitely less than the Love of Woman, is yet a great force. And he had learnt what Friendship meant. He had stumbled on it unawares.

And Friendship came to him in the person of Ernest Goring. That was just Friendship's name. It had happened very simply. John Davenant was then at the highly sagacious age of eighteen, with Ernest Goring several years older—just as one's first good friend always is.

There was a chance meeting, a few words spoken, a walk home after a dance beneath a mellow, waning moon, which lovers would have appreciated. Something that Ernest Goring had said touched an answering chord in John Davenant. John Davenant had murmured that it seemed "funny" that Goring should think the same as he on the matter.

"I'll see you to-morrow night—and where shall we go?" asked John Davenant.

Now in nine cases out of ten it is more than probable that an hotel crawl would have been suggested, as the youths were strangers.

"Might go for a ramble over Banstead Downs and then we can——"

"Well—what?" asked John Davenant as his friend seemed to hesitate.

"Oh—have a good jaw, you know," Goring answered. "Somehow I can talk to you—different to these vacant idiots about here who read the newspapers, and the football column, and fall in love with girls, and all that. Good night."

Their hands gripped for some time.

There was a catch in John Davenant's voice as he spoke.

"D' you know, I shall be looking forward to seeing you—er—Goring," he said. "Funny, isn't it?"

"No. It's not funny—sort of strange. Rather——"

"Weird?"

"Well, yes! Weird, eh? But what rot we're talking. Good night—my *friend*."

"Gad! That's just hit it! I never had a *friend* before, you know. Good night—Ern."

"Good night, John. You see it comes easier to me. Good night."

That night John Davenant went to bed in rather a haze. He looked at his watch.

"Shan't see him—Ern, that is—for eighteen hours! Decent chap that Ern. . . . But I'm a bit of a fool—*must* be! What a funny thing. . . . Yet somehow p'r'aps it's good. Fancy having a real pal!"

He fell asleep with a contented smile on his lips. Friendship had come to him and this precedes the love of woman. But it is rarely, if ever, stronger.

John Davenant, as it has been written, was a very ordinary young man. So was Ernest Goring, who became his friend. But when the two were together each seemed to rise out of himself, and they marvelled at their own brilliancy.

And this was in the period when there were night rambles over the Downs, and the hotel bars of Suburbia knew them not. Their circle of acquaintances missed them, and were surprised if they ever saw them apart.

Life's little troubles came to these two as troubles will. Each had those small petty cares which are devised by Providence in order that man may never find life so deliciously happy that he feels more than a passing twinge of regret in leaving it.

So they unburdened their cares one to the other, and each saw all that the other could not put into words.

Thus three years passed, while these young men shared their enthusiasm for each fresh hobby that they took up. There was a time that they yearned for large muscles and spent Saturday afternoons down at the gym. Then, when they were afflicted with the photographic craze, their talk consisted of the merits of various developing solutions, films, time exposures, lenses, etc.

Increased salary and increasing years permitted of their joining a suburban club, and they thereupon found that billiards was the one game in the world worthy of the name.

Perhaps the secret of their friendship was that whatever they essayed to do their proficiency was on a level.

Each did his best to beat the other, and sometimes succeeded, but neither was consistently victorious; hence there was always interest.

"It's a bit of luck," John Davenant had observed on frequent occasions, "that we can always give each other a game."

Yet there was one dread week of civil war that arose out of that breaker of all ties, money, and a game of cards at the club.

Ernest Goring was holding the bank at the simple but far from innocent game of "Banker." Luck had been against John Davenant. His pocket-money consisted of not a great many shillings per week, which plainly shows that he had no right to place a golden half-sovereign upon a card and a chance turn up after a run of bad luck. The banker—Ernest Goring—turned up a deuce of clubs. The players—there were perhaps a half-dozen of them—roared.

"Cut you up this time, Goring!" they said.

Goring, with a laugh, attended to the little packs. Then he came last of all to Davenant's, and the half-sovereign that lay upon it. He lifted up the cards.

"A deuce of hearts! Banker's luck takes it!" exclaimed the room.

"Oh, curse!" said John Davenant miserably. "That's my last half-quid. Give me a chance to make it double or quits, Ern."

"Oh, all right," said Goring, "but this has been a losing bank for me as it is. Never mind. Go on!"

His tone showed he was far from pleased with the idea, and his eyes looked unkindly upon John Davenant.

Knowing him so well, John Davenant detected it instantly.

"Oh, I can see you don't care to give me a chance. Here's your beastly half-sovereign, and—Oh—*damn* you, Ern!" he cried hotly, rising and facing his friend, his eyes blazing.

"Do you mean that, Davenant?" Goring asked coldly.

"Yes," said Davenant, firmly.

"Well, clear out then—and don't stay here spoiling the fun. I don't want you, anyway!"

It was not until a week later that Goring declared unreservedly to John Davenant, whom he met accidentally, how little he meant that last sentence.

"It was all my fault," said John Davenant, smiling.

"No mine—all mine. Give me your flipper, old man, and let's forget all about it!"

Thus, things went on in the same placid way until there came this breaking point, which few friendships survive.

It was the simplest of incidents. You must remember that these young men were most ordinary people.

That, perhaps, explains why Ernest Goring, the senior of the two, did the most unoriginal thing in this world. He fell in love with a most ordinary young woman, quite nice and charming in her way, but by no means the wond'rous Being that Ernest Goring described to John Davenant.

That night was the last of their friendship, for Ernest Goring discovered that the dark of the Downs was meant for lovers' walks, and said so.

"My dear chap, we shall still be friends, of *course*," said Ernest Goring, as he noticed the rather trembling smile on his friend's lips.

"Oh, no," said John Davenant, sadly. "You see, Ern, you've beaten me here. I've no hand in this at all. It's the finish, I'm afraid, because——"

He gripped his old friend's hands silently.

"Because," he concluded, "I am out of it! I can't give you a game!"

How to Run a Harrier Club

USEFUL HINTS FOR THE CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNER.

Now, as the nights are drawing in, we begin to wonder what we shall do between work and bed-time. Why not take up one of the cheapest and best sports—cross-country running?

In forming a club, the first thing for consideration is a dressing-room. If you live on the outskirts of a town, a farmer will let you have a barn for a few shillings a season, or, possibly, if you promise to be orderly, he will let you have it free.

Failing this the minister might let you have a room in the schools. If all else fails, a shed in someone's yard would answer the purpose. If you use a barn or shed you will make it more comfortable by stuffing sacks in any crevices, and also covering the floor with them.

THE NECESSARY TOGS.

The second thing is the costume, which will cost you five shillings, but it should last you three seasons. It should consist of a cotton vest, which will cost about 1s., thin shorts with elastic, 1s., a pair of thin long stockings, 1s., and rubber shoes, 1s. 11d. With regard to long stockings, some chaps think they could be dispensed with, but when you have to run through the streets for some distance, they are much better than bare legs.

The subscription should be sixpence or a shilling as there is very little expense.

The best night for running, I think, is Wednesday, as any stiffness will have gone by Saturday, and those who are footballers will feel no evil effects. But after a time, all stiffness will disappear altogether.

Do not run on damp or foggy nights, as it is very bad for the chest and lungs.

As to the captain he must be a good runner, yet one who will willingly accommodate his pace to the powers of his team.

The following hints, which are gleaned from my own experience, may be useful to anyone who thinks of starting a club.

THE QUESTION OF DISTANCE.

The run should be from five to six miles, as longer runs tend to stop your growth. The distance should be covered in half to three-quarters of an hour at an easy pace.

In running any distance always shorten your usual stride by about two feet, also slowly inhale through the nose and exhale through the mouth. By doing this you prevent the stitch, though it may be difficult at first, as it requires a good deal of practice.

If at any time you get the stitch, ask your chums to slacken down, but on no account stop. Do not rush down a hill, but take it easy and regain your breath. Mount a hill steadily. It will also help you greatly if you keep time together. Always run on the toes; the position of the arms is a matter of choice. Always finish together, as it spoils the effect if there are a lot of stragglers.

All the training that is required is plenty of hard work, good wholesome food, and as little smoking as possible. In any case do not smoke on the day of the run.

Do not run after a heavy meal, such as a tea-dinner, but have some tea and dry toast, which is good for the wind, and have the dinner after the run.

Should anyone be doubtful about his health, he should be examined by the doctor; it may prevent a bad mishap, as running entails a deal of exertion.

Walk over the intended run on Sunday, and get it fixed in your mind. This will prevent your taking the wrong turning in the dark, and landing yourselves ten miles from nowhere.

THE RUB DOWN.

On returning to the dressing-room, strip at once, and get someone to give you a brisk rubbing, but always towards the heart. For this purpose a rough towel or a pair of flesh gloves are the best, but the hands are a good substitute.

Do not be afraid to turn out on the coldest nights, because after a few minutes' running you will be quite warm.

At the end of the season you might arrange a handicap. If you do, get a friend on a bicycle to accompany each runner to ensure fairness. If the subscriptions will not run to prizes, some local tradesman will provide a couple of medals if approached in a proper manner, as it will be a good advertisement for him.

In conclusion, I know the following articles will be useful in the dressing-room if they can be obtained: a looking-glass, comb and brush, sponge, cake of soap, a couple of enamel wash-basins, also two or three paraffin lamps for lighting.

Should anyone decide to form a club, he has a hard nut to crack, for running is not a game of chance, so that there is little enthusiasm; but a little pluck and energy will keep going a club which will provide himself and his pals with the best of exercise and companionship.

W. Murphy.

AN EVENING RIDE.

There is a touch of autumn chilliness in the air—a hint of frost.

The dusk lowers its grey curtain a little earlier than usual, and the stars twinkle like candles lighted before they are needed.

The perfume of fresh damp mould is wafted up from the ground, and acts like a stimulant to jaded nerves.

There is a soft white mist rising up from the river.

The reins fall on the horse's neck, for the rider is thinking, and his thoughts are keeping time to the beat of his horse's hoofs.

Quick, dreamy thoughts and fancies, such as come to a man, even the least imaginative, at such a time. From the old ruined wall on the right the bats come out in a long grey file—the silent, mysterious trappists of the air.

The curve of a white owl is just apparent in the deepening darkness. A nightjar wakes the echoes of the woods, throwing out his challenge to the creatures with whom he wages war.

Then the dusk gives place to night. The moon rises—she is at her full, and the stars change from little twinkling tapers to stately lamps, and horse and rider collect themselves together for a brisk trot home.

There is something in the air that counts to the horse for more than corn.

He shies at his shadow, not because he is afraid, but because he is full-spirited, and likes to be brought to order again by the man who is in the saddle.

A horse knows at once what sort of rider he is carrying; he respects his master, and resents the guidance of an incompetent.

"He did nothing lack, save a proud rider on so proud a back," says Shakespeare. To-night the horse is proud and full of mettle, but the frosty air has made the rider the same; they are beautifully matched—each challenging the other, and yet perfect friends.

HIRED: BUT STILL A MAN

WHAT SPORT DOES FOR THE EMPLOYED

Few things are squandered with more reckless prodigality than life itself; and this by the average man as well as by the man whose opportunities for enjoyment are many.

So many thousands of men are daily beset with the idea that they are cut off from the best in life by the fact that they are not their own masters. They are hired, and in the process of hiring themselves out they seem to think it is necessary to let slip through their fingers all that ought to make life worth living.

They make the mistake of supposing that by accepting a clerkship, or working in a shop or factory, they are declining the other chances that a man has in which to make his life bearable.

They look with envy on the man who has been enabled by circumstances, or by his own efforts, to enjoy sport, and they regard it as a thing of which something that they would have enjoyed had their lives been otherwise, but something which, as things stand, out of the question.

They resign themselves to the inevitable discomfort of earning a living.

They forget, in short, that the salary was made for the man, and not man for the salary, and that life only begins for the man who is really alive when the salary has been pocketed and the office door slammed behind him and he is off upon the open road that leads to one or other of the lands of the sportsman's delight.

To have to be hired is certainly an unpleasant way of earning one's freedom, but if only a man recognises that it is but one of a thousand ways of earning the chance of enjoying life, it is not so terrible after all.

It is when the work is regarded as the end that the hired man loses his healthy appetite for life, and when he loses this he is in a bad way indeed, and some good Samaritan of a sportsman can succeed in kidnapping, or abducting, or smuggling him, or otherwise forcibly conducting him out into the atmosphere of sport and vigour, where he can draw the breath of lusty activity into his withered lungs.

Sport, indeed, is the only thing that makes the hired man's life bearable. It not only balances accounts for a man, but it overbalances, and puts the hiring into its proper place and perspective.

What sport a man takes up matters little. The sporting idea is the thing to get firmly into his mind. He must go for everything that comes his way.

Perfection is not for the hermit who has to be roused by an earthquake to take any interest in the infinite possibilities for sport that lie around the sheaves in the cornfield after the patent self-binder has whirled along. The quest for sport and experience demands a willingness to go here and there; to submit to this and that; and to be ever on the look out for some new thing.

It means that a man must take his life in his hand and be prepared to throw it after every new and invigorating experience. The good sportsman must indeed be something of a soldier of fortune, to whom no opportunity comes amiss, whose craving is for activity, experience, sensation, and to whom mechanical action is unknown.

It is so easy to be dull and bored where there is no sporting spirit, and this spirit it is alone which enables a man to get the fullest measure of experience out of the bit of flesh and blood and bone he calls himself.

He must experiment with life; be ready to brave the unknown, in the hope of finding therein a hitherto unfelt sensation.

He must have no boats to burn or he will be ever wondering whether his retreat is secure. Life is not long enough, days are too short, the sun shines too intermittently for a man to waste much time to guarding his lines of communications. Since he does not intend to retreat he will not need them.

The tendency of life is to make us all one pattern, but sport is the remedy, sport the preservator of originality, joy of life, humanity, experience.

John Charlton

FACERS.

SOME OF FATE'S NASTY KNOCKS.

The chief characteristic of all, or nearly all, "facers" is their beastly unexpectedness. "Bolts from the blue," they catch you when you are least prepared for them, and they invariably find your most vulnerable points.

There are the minor "facers," as, for example, when your bank manager informs you that your account is overdrawn; when the friend for whom you have backed a bill leaves you to pay it; when the horse that was going to win you a fortune stops to cough in the middle of the race; when you have inadvertently said one of those things that are better left unsaid, and you feel that you could welcome an earthquake; when you meet the dun you have been dodging so cleverly, and meet him in a blind alley; when "She" gives you the mitten; when—but you can extend the list at your fancy. They are exasperating and disconcerting, these minor "facers," but they are not particularly serious, though they make you "sit up" at the time.

Among major "facers" there is that nasty flush between the eyes from Fate's inexorable right or left when you have striven long and honestly for some coveted prize, and you just fail to win it, through no fault of your own. It is not your fault, but your misfortune, that you are not quite "good enough."

That is the peculiar bitterness of this kind of "facer," the humiliating knowledge that you are a goose not a swan, a hack not a flier, an ordinary everyday sort of man, and not the champion you thought yourself.

It is mighty hard to bear this type of "facer," and it is apt to bring the tears to your eyes, but you have only yourself to thank, if to the bitterness of defeat is added the exasperation of unexpected-ness. A good general always recognises the possibility of defeat, and provides a line of retreat.

Nevertheless, it is something worse than a "nasty jar" when you are "*proxime accessit*," instead of number one; and, conscious of having done your utmost, of having put your back into the struggle, of having fought like a "good man and true," you are more than human if you don't put in some good solid "cussing," before pulling yourself together for another shot.

But is it always wise to have another go? There is, one thinks, a lot of bosh preached from the text "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Walking the hospitals in middle age, painting pictures that none will buy, writing books that none will read, dragging out a miserable existence in fourth and fifth rate touring companies, in the lees of one profession, calling, trade or another, you will find the "chronics," men who have utterly mistaken their vocation, but go plodding on, in the usually vain hope that blind, unintelligent slogging will make up for their lack of any natural aptitude for the game they try to play.

Of course, if a man has the root of the matter in him, persistence will bring its reward, but many a man doesn't know when to accept defeat, and to try, try again in *some other direction*.

The soothing balm for the "facers" of honest failure, however, is ready to hand; you have done your best; mortal man cannot do more.

Now for the "facer" that makes you shed tears of blood; the facer that you bring on yourself. In nine cases out of ten it is the staggering punishment of being too cocksure, of thinking yourself indispensable, of under-rating your adversary.

From time immemorial men of greater or less degree have made this most human mistake and paid for it with their lives, their fortunes, and with broken hearts.

Time and again great leaders have suffered evil through over-confidence; thousands of men are wandering about, broken, destitute, despairing because they thought their little world could not get on without them; Lord Randolph Churchill thought he was indispensable to the Government of his day, but he "forgot Goschen." In the flood-tide of success we are very apt to forget that there is always someone ready to step up and over us if for a moment we slip down.

It stings, this kind of "facer." The young man gets it when he finds himself left out of a football or cricket team, because he thought he was sure of his place and presumed on the assumption. The grown man gets it in the neck when he finds himself passed over for promotion, outdistanced and outwitted by the adversary he had despised, when the fine castle he has built on sand comes toppling down about his ears.

Lucky you, if you get a "facer" or two of this sort in early days, for it is an effectual cure for "cockiness," and an "uppercut" from Fate that in future you will always be ready to guard.

The man who has got grit forces a grin when he gets one of these "facers." It may be a pretty twisted sort of smile, but still it is a smile, and men seeing it will like him, and say that he is not such a bad sort of chap after all, which is high praise from men.

There remain the great "facers" of life, the blows that there is no parrying—the mighty punches of God's omnipotent Hand that no human power can guard. Some idolised one is taken from you; someone in whom you had every right to impose implicit confidence plays you false; by some "act of God" you are suddenly, and to all seeming, irretrievably ruined, and through no fault of your own.

Indeed, it is usually the best people, men and women who have lived real good lives, who have done, one would think, everything to deserve happiness and peace, who are heavily smitten by the Hand of the Lord.

But is this in any way curious? Not a bit of it. God does not break butterflies on wheels, He does not seek to refine base metal, He does not launch his thunderbolts against pigmies.

No, He takes the strong man, and tests him in His workshops and furnaces. Sometimes the experiment—I speak in all reverence—fails; the subject crumples up, and goes to the wall; he was weak and unworthy. Or, may be, being a strong man, he rebels; stung to fury by the seeming injustice of his afflictions, he rebels, reviles God, and blasphemes. He, too, goes to the scrapheap.

But the really strong man bows his head, and humbly says: "Thy Will Be Done." And God makes him a man among men, and he has the strength of ten.

NORMAN CHEYNE.

WONDERFUL!

That is what advertisers say when they receive replies to their announcements on our Readers' Sale and Exchange page.

They may have supposed that the thing they advertised would not be wanted by anybody just because it was no longer useful to themselves; but the results prove their error.

Whatever you have to dispose of, or whatever you want to buy (provided that it is something that appeals to men), you should advertise it or for it on page 3 of the cover, which is specially reserved for the benefit of readers.

Your advertisement need not cost you more than a shilling.

SINGLE-STICK.

A FINE EXERCISE THAT DESERVES GREATER POPULARITY.

Those who look upon boxing as brutal, wrestling as too strenuous, and fencing as being too intricate, might do worse than take up single-stick.

As an exercise it is second to none. At the same time it puts no undue strain on strength or agility, and is therefore eminently suitable for all ages, from the stripling to the man, whose salad days are behind him.

The outfit may cost little or much, according to the quality of the articles and whether a complete rig out is contemplated or not. But if money is no object, it is advisable to get the best—they wear longest, and so are the cheapest in the end.

A helmet of good wire with padded ear-pieces is usually worn for single-stick, but a cane helmet can be obtained at considerably less cost, and will serve the purpose.

A stout leather jacket or padded coat—if you are a fencer the same jacket can be worn for the ash plants, but, in addition, a leather apron is usually donned to protect the thighs.

Pads on the legs can be worn if desired—a cricketer's leg-guards come in handy—and a very pliable leather wristlet will do to protect the wrist from odd blows.

The sticks themselves must be ash plants, smooth and unpeeled. They will last longer if they are occasionally soaked in water, in which case they are not so liable to break.

A basket, through which the stick is placed, serves to protect the fingers; these may be of either wicker or hide. The former are, of course, the least expensive, aud equally efficacious, though not perhaps so durable as the hide.

Now, supposing the whole paraphernalia has been obtained, the first lesson may be taken.

Position in single-stick, as in fencing, is of paramount importance. See that the feet are firm.

The proper way to hold the weapon is as follows: Close the fingers round the hilt, and have the thumb straight along the back of it. This enables the combatant to have the second joints of the fingers and the true edge in accord. By so holding it will be found that the blows are dealt with the edge only.

In single-stick, as in fencing, the salute comes before the encounter.

Then stand upright with heels close together and feet at right angles. The stick should be held in the right hand, not too firmly, and sloped over the right shoulder. The right elbow is held against the side, and left arm behind the body.

Then take short steps forward, bending both legs at the knees. This is a bit painful at first and makes your muscles "cry out," until you get hardened to the position.

Now come to engaging guard and cross sticks. Recover quickly, by bringing the right foot back to the left with the stick upright before the face—the basket outwards—and you may begin your bout.

It is usually considered that there are four chief hits in single-stick, a hit at the left cheek, a hit at the right cheek, a cut at the left side, and a hit at the right side. The other two hits are generally at the thigh, or the inside and outside of the leg.

A hit must be acknowledged. Spring to attention with body erect, and lift your stick in front of the face. Capital discipline this for the temper, especially in a hot bout. It is, of course, a survival of the courtesies exchanged between armed knights in a tournament.

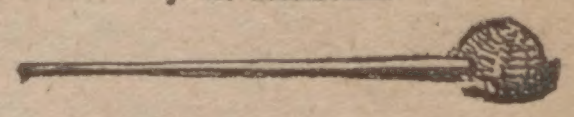
To hit it is almost always necessary to lunge. Advance the right foot as far as it will go—the heels in line, the foot straight. Keep the left foot firmly at right angles to the right foot.

To parry the first hit, lunge and hit at opponent's left cheek. For this and the second parry you ought to have a high guard.

To parry the other hits, a low one is needed.

In single stick, as in every other game requiring skill, practice, and practice only, can make perfect.

J. B. RANSOME.



SOME STREET DANGERS.

One often reads or hears about fellows falling among thieves, or being set upon by hooligans, so perhaps a few tips may be of service.

If you happen to be in a strange or disreputable locality, always make a practice of walking in the middle of the road, and be prepared for any emergency.

Don't stop under a lamp post to look at your watch—and it is just as well not to have any of the chain exposed, if you wear one.

Neither, if you are accosted by a stranger and asked for a light, make the mistake of bringing out a silver match-box, better ignore the request unless you carry a common box.

But generally, any request is simply an excuse to attack the stranger, and throw him off his guard, so that it is wiser to walk on.

So keep your eyes skinned, and if likely to be attacked by more than one, remember discretion is the better part of valour, and take to your heels.

RIDING A BUCK-JUMPER.

Did you ever ride a buck-jumper? I had one once, and to ride that horse was a liberal education in horsemanship.

It was like sitting on a wheel most of the time—a bone-shaking process—while he plunged for all he was worth. Not only this, but he varied the performance by shaking himself playfully and kicking out like the deuce!

But after a time he would cease from his gymnastics, and then he was as nice and easy a mount as a fellow could wish for—till the next time.

But you never knew when he would begin his tricks, and it was rather annoying when something upset him to have him executing these movements in a fashionable quarter of the town during fashionable hours, for you can't punish the brute as he deserves—pedestrians are so prejudiced and ignorant.

I am afraid there is no cure for a confirmed buck-jumper; he forgets the lash and the spur very quickly.

But unless you are both an inexperienced and timid rider—in which case sell the animal—he can't do much harm. Usually on finding out that you refuse to quit the saddle, he gives over for the time being.

There's a chance, of course, that the girths may give way—that's all.

CHEERING A PAL.

This is a process which, like so many different things intended to give pleasure to our fickle nature, must be handled with all the discretion we can command in order to be a perfect success.

It is one of the hardest tasks that a man can have to deal with, and the average man fails miserably.

To take an interest in a pal when he is able to come up to the scratch in all we do is comparatively easy, but let him become incapacitated by an accident, or laid up by sickness, and you find it is no small task to bear with all the little whims and fancies that weakness has discovered in his character.

It requires a big effort on our part to miss a night or two in the gym., or at some other form of recreation, to pay visits to a pal that seem to be unappreciated.

The reason we fail to please is that we use just the same arguments and gossip as we would if nothing had happened, forgetting that what interests us when strong, loses most of its charm when we are put out of action.

Here are a few suggestions that may help my fellow-readers in their cheering endeavours, and prevent them from feeling that their pal is being bored.

Before we make up our minds to visit, we ought to determine the topic on which to rouse the spirits of the temporary invalid. Of course, if it is a matter of a strain or broken joints, the patient can converse on football, shooting, or any other pastime in which he is interested, pretty much the same as if he were able to indulge in it.

But if the spirits are lowered, it requires more tact to find the most interesting subject.

There is one subject, however, calculated to

suit all the varying moods of lowered vitality, and that is, "old times." No well-intentioned pal need be in want of something interesting to say, if he just recalls a few incidents that the two have shared together in their friendship.

Some past feat or dare-devil escapade may be unearthed, the winning goal he scored in the Rovers' match, the week in camp, or anything in which his strength had a share, and you will have the satisfaction of seeing his face light up with interest as he remembers, and he catches your spirit and mentally vows he'll be up and doing.

Talk about a tonic, it beats all the bottled stuff, and you haven't to be so particular about the doses.

The reward will come later, when you hear in a roundabout sort of way—probably through his sister—that he remarked that you were not half a bad sort of chap, and that should amply repay you

MY CURE FOR A BAD TEMPER.

When I am suffering from a fit of bad temper I just go out for a ride—that's a fine cure for it. For you cannot attend to your horse, that is if he's a spirited brute, and be in a bad temper at the same time—he'll take advantage of you, if you do, in no time.

Besides, there's nothing like a good gallop to restore one's good nature. The rush through the air—the fresh wind blowing in one's face, stirs up the sluggish liver, and sends the blood pulsing through one's veins.

Bad temper is more physical than moral, and it's mostly due to a want of fresh air and exercise that makes one feel savage, or blue, or irritable, or whatever you like to call it.

A horse with plenty of go in him, and a stretch of springy turf under him, will cure the worst fit of temper that ever a man had. That's my own especial cure anyway.

But I know fellows who go in for rowing or walking—neither of them bad substitutes—and if you have not a horse nor a boat, you can always walk. Take it out of yourself somehow, and the temper will go with it.

But perhaps the best plan is that adopted by a great chum of mine, a fine fellow, who knows more of athleticism than any other amateur.

He uses a punching ball—grand exercise, he says, and the finest cure for a bad temper that can be hit upon.

In bad temper versus punching ball the ball wins every time.

MAKE A NOTE OF IT.

Sometimes an idea strikes you. What do you do with it? Generally, it is to be feared, you let it go again. An idea let loose in that way is no good to anybody. Jot it down, and send it to us. If it is something fresh we shall let it loose on this page.

Let us have something with plenty of masculine interest in it.

If your paragraph needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay 10s. for the best, and 2s. 6d. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the first prize goes to Mr. H. Williams, 11, Dovedale-street, Barry, Cardiff, for "Cheering a Pal."

THE POETRY A MAN LIKES.

Most men do not care for poetry, but it is because they do not get hold of the right stuff. There is plenty of poetry that makes a man's blood tingle. If he's a horsey man there are Whyte Melville's verses, with all the dash and go of the chase in them, and gallant Lindsey Gordon —there's a swing in those lines, "Oh! we had a glorious gallop after Starlight and his gang," that sets your pulses leaping.

There is Kipling for the soldier and the man who likes to read of life in the rough, and there is Robert Service, the Canadian, to teach men with adventurous souls the secret of the Yukon and the mysterious call of the wild.

The Ingoldsby legends and Charles Dibdin's ballads will also probably find a place among the books of poetry on a man's bookshelf.

He wants something with a swing and go, something that will grip his attention and carry him along with it.

There is something in poetry after all, and the old song about a "shiny night" has made more poachers than the old chap who wrote it ever imagined.

But it is poetry that has been written by a man that is wanted, not the sentimental wishy-washy that goes by the name.

A LODGER'S GRIEVANCES.

Of course in lodgings you naturally have to put up with a lot of annoyances, all more or less irritating.

There's the disrespect of the slavey and the ultra-attentiveness of the landlady on rent day.

There is the unappetising odour of other lodgers' cooking at all times of the day and night, or the ringing of the front door bell when one is in the throes of paragraph-making, as now, to say nothing of the chap in the next room to you having developed a talent for home carpentry while his tap-tap goes on every half-holiday and evening until you feel as if you were listening to the nailing down of your own coffin.

Then there is the fellow above you who practises dancing steps in preparation for winter balls. Judging from the way the ceiling acts, however, he is not a partner to be desired. Still, dancing men are scarce, ladies say.

But all these pale into insignificance beside one—that is when one of the other lodgers is "advertising." That means he is out of work, and advertising for a fresh berth.

The postman comes regularly every post. You are expecting an important letter from home, or from your best girl, or one with cash long overdue.

You tear downstairs—it is for "A. B. C."—you put it in the rack or on the hall table, and go upstairs swearing softly.

Again the postman knocks. You stand on the landing. You hear the slavey pant up the kitchen stairs; you call to her. "No, Sir, it's for—he's advertising."

The last post! There is a rustle under your door. You rush, you stoop down, break the fancy braces your best girl did you, and draw out a letter for—"A. B. C."!

A HINT TO THE TRAVELLER.

When a man is travelling by railway his cuffs and collars seem to get dirty with astonishing rapidity, but if a lavatory carriage is handy, it is not difficult to remedy this temporarily.

As soon as your collar and cuffs begin to have lost their freshness and look soiled, take the corner of a towel, dip it into a little clean cold water, squeeze it well, and rub the collar and cuffs quickly and hard with it, being most careful not to make them too wet. Then rub very carefully with a dry part of the towel.

This will give them a new lease of life, so to speak, without depriving them of any of their stiffness.

A spotlessly clean collar, and cuffs to match, are a great asset to a man's appearance, and by this simple method he can always have them

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

Kernahan's Sergeant-Major:

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Around the big fire in the Yeomanry room of the Territorial Club at Brermouth many troopers of "B" squadron of the King's Own Royal Blankshire Yeomanry were gathered.

Outside, the wind howled and the fire consequently blazed the brighter, lighting up the faces of the men ringed in a convivial group, so that none regretted that they had turned out to dismounted drill in the hail that evening.

Sitting thus, with their pipes reeking in amity, they told tales of byegone camps, little excerpts from field days and never-to-be-forgotten bivouacs. Some lounged, as did Sergeant Hall, the ever-weary, with their feet on the bright brass fender. Others sat bolt upright and stiff—a pose affected by Trooper Kernahan, who would suffer agonies rather than that his tunic should be creased. Thus they chatted and smoked by the light of the fire, and no one committed such sacrilege as turning on the light.

Trooper Stephen puffed contentedly, and young Carteret, the frail looking, had annexed the cane chair which was reputed to have served Rajahs in India.

Then the door of the room opened and old Sergeant-Major Brighton entered.

"All in the dark?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Major! Don't go, sir! Have *my* chair. I can squat on the floor!"—and so on. There was no doubting the sincerity of the voices. The Sergeant-Major, within two minutes, found himself lifted into Carteret's wicker chair by strong and willing arms.

"Now then, old warhorse!" said Trooper Kernahan, "Get on with it!"

"With what?" asked the Sergeant-Major, submitting to Carteret's purloining of his blackened clay, which he filled.

"Don't you know—really? Well, I'll start it for you," said Kernahan. "'It was a dark and stormy night. The brigands sat round the fire.'"

"Hang it! don't call us brigands, Kernahan!"

"Don't interrupt. 'The chief of the brigands said to Antonio—'"

"You're the chief of the brigands, then!"

"Look here," said the Sergeant-Major, "where do I come in?"

"Oh, *you're* Antonio!" said Kernahan.

"How's that?" asked the Sergeant-Major, lighting his clay.

"Because—'the chief of the brigands said to Antonio: "Antonio—tell us a story," and Antonio began thus——'"

"Ah," said the Sergeant-Major shortly.

"Yes," said Kernahan. "If you refuse after all that ceremony it's drinks round. So you'd better dive into your murky past and 'begin thus.'"

For a while the grey-headed Sergeant-Major smoked and looked into the bright embers of the fire.

"Ah, well," he said, at length, nodding his wise head sagely, "you're good boys—infernally good boys. I think I'm the god-father of most of you. Hall——"

"Sir," from the somnolent sergeant, whose not inconsiderable feet now ornamented the mantelpiece.

"Can you take your mind back several years, when you lacked that wisp of down you call a moustache, and you were rather a lanky, leggy boy? If I remember rightly, you scored a possible at the range one afternoon—seven misses at a thousand—before we found you were sighted for two hundred yards."

"That's nine years ago, 'Major," said Hall, ruefully. "Dash it, sir, don't revive those ghosts of the past, for the sake of my giddy prestige! Think how you're wrecking my hold over the young stuff here present. Shut up there, Trooper Miggs, and learn to reverence your elders!"

"I don't know that you followed that maxim, my boy," said the Sergeant-Major ruthlessly. "But don't disturb me. I'm rambling—that's all. Er—Stephen——"

"Yes, sir," Trooper Stephen shifted uneasily in his chair.

"You know no end about signalling, don't you? Consider yourself as next candidate for post of instructor, eh? Can I recall the time when you sent by heliograph to Hall 'Old Brighton is balmy'? I think it was at Brynhilton."

"No, don't recall it," said Trooper Stephen, feelingly.

"But Kernahan suggested I should dive into my murky past, as he puts it. Now let me see, Kernahan——"

"Half a shake, 'Major. Don't torture your brain about me," said Kernahan. "It's *your* murky past I want you to rake up—not *ours*."

"Oh! That's your giddy way of calling 'checkmate' to your Sergeant-Major's game, is it? *You* didn't object to my comments on the Territorial infancy of Hall and Stephen."

The Sergeant-Major leaned forward and looked into the blaze of the fire.

"Now, don't interrupt me, any of you, and I'll tell you an incident in the life of a man I know well."

The Sergeant-Major pulled at his blackened clay thoughtfully. There was complete silence in the little circle, and the firelight's glow lit up their immobile faces.

"There's no particular story about this, but—ah! Kernahan—I think they might like to hear, eh, boy? You know the whole affair, but it took longer in the telling then than it will now."

"Yes, 'Major, I know the story."

"Well, I'll ask you fellows here to picture in your mind a man well over the thirties—in fact, as near the forties as damn it. He's considerably older now, and his hair is grey. So, as a man can speak without shame of the little conceits that are past, he would not mind me telling you boys that at that time there was no smarter manner o' man in the regiment of cavalry to which he belonged. And, as you've heard me say repeatedly, there's no better school for makin' men in this world than the British Cavalry.

"Well, for many years, under the suns of India, in the desert sand with Kitchener to Khartoum, and finally out on the illimitable veldt, this man served with the colours, always managin' to pass the regimental doctor, and go out with the first draft for active service, when there was Victoria's work to be done.

"Anyhow, to cut a long biography short, when he found himself back in barracks not a million miles from Dublin Town, he discovered suddenly that he was a full-blown Sergeant, with pay and perquisites to boot, *and* the respect and good-fellowship of certain officers who had been with him in tight places.

"Well, it seemed strange to him to be back in barracks, with reg'lar hours to sleep and all that, and his house in the married quarters—I won't bother you with love stories—all ship-shape. It didn't seem as if he could settle to it somehow. It was sickenin' to have to handle rookies after fightin' side by side with the cream of the British Army. Besides, they never seemed to give credit for the trouble spent on them.

"So you ought to have seen this sergeant as he stepped across the barrack yard of a mornin'. It wasn't like Cupid goin' to toy with Venus for a while"—old Brighton never was great at the classics—"and whatever a man's work is, to be absolutely in love with it at heart is essential to success. Now the officers noticed this. There wasn't that briskness in his step which tells that a man's stomach is ready for whatever's comin' next.

"'These rookies,' said the Colonel to that Sergeant one day, 'are breaking your heart, man!'

"So the Sergeant told him all just as well as he could put his feelin's into words, for bein' two of a dozen in a collapsed Zareba, with little hope of gettin' out alive, knocks off a lump of ceremony when it's a case of man to man. And that Colonel and the Sergeant had comprised the only survivors of a full troop that woke up well and cheerful on the mornin' of Omdurman. But of this, no matter.

"After the little conversation I have mentioned—between the Colonel and the Sergeant—the Sergeant discovered further that his hair was turnin' grey. His havin' to sheath his sword for lack of argument didn't suit him. Nor did those rookies, who were the most insanitary-lookin' set of accidents you ever set eyes on.

"One mornin' the Sergeant was summoned to attend on His Bloomin' Majesty the Colonel. The interview lasted about ten minutes. He went into that room a sergeant. He came out with all the papers relatin' to his appointment as Sergeant-Major to 'B' Squadron of a Yeomanry Regiment that was bein' newly formed.

"You see the Colonel had not consulted him in the matter. Merely sent in his recommendation and the necessary particulars on his own. That recommendation must have been strong.

"That mornin' he walked over the barrack yard with his shoulders squared, whistling like a drummer boy after reveillé.

"The Colonel had promised him many things, and sketched a rosy future for him. He was to train the sons of good farmers to be soldiers—and seein' whose name the Regiment bore, it was likely to be in the forefront of Yeomanry Regiments. Here was the something to do—the object in life—that his soul longed for—didn't you know that even sergeant-majors have souls?

"It was a stormy night—just such another as this—when he arrived at the town where the biggest troop of his squadron was to be formed. There were already a fairish number enrolled by a sort of amateur Sergeant-Major. An hotel was the headquarters then, and they used to drill in the old coaching yard. Therefore, it was at the hotel that he was introduced to his future charges.

"They seemed nice boys in their way, very anxious to stand him unlimited refreshment. And they could *talk*. They were a bit crafty, and tried to draw this Sergeant-Major on, just to see how far he would be kidded, and to judge what manner of soldier he was. They did not know that they were dealing with a man whom grim experience had made far more subtle than them all.

"Now there was one young gentleman in that Squadron 'B,' whom I'll call Trooper X. And Trooper X, for all his tender years, was a damned hot lot, what ho!

"There seemed nothin' in pure devilry that that young gentleman wasn't up to. For all that, he was hard to catch nappin'. And, because he was an artist—my godfathers, *what* an artist!—on a horse, the Sergeant-Major forgave him many things.

"That was a pretty riotous troop. It seemed that the amateur Sergeant-Major had held no command over them whatever. Trooper X, being the only one with any initiative, had unofficially conducted most of the circle drilling—bein' sort of ex-officio riding-master to the troop. And his influence with the men—several of them were his

seniors, too—was little short of considerable. It was quite apparent that Trooper X's word carried far more weight than the Sergeant-Major's instructions.

"Now this is by no means the way to begin training an embryo crack squadron. The Sergeant-Major twigged this inside a winkle's whisper, and laid his plan of action accordingly. He could, of course, have put his foot down and called the attention of the authorities to the paucity of support accorded him by his incompetent non-coms., &c., who lived in their gorgeous uniforms for pure, unadulterated, swank, and didn't know one end of a horse or a rifle from the other!

"Did he do this? No! The essence of tactics is surprise and, where possible, a bloodless but decisive victory.

"It was one dreary afternoon's mounted drill, when the lot were gettin' more out of hand than usual, treating the drill as a joke and the Sergeant-Major as Chief Jester apparently. Trooper X, who was actin' as troop-leader, was executin' all orders in inverse ratio, and the rest blindly followed him like sheep.

"Did the Sergeant-Major turn round and curse them and threaten to report the whole troop to the authorities? He did *not*—emphatically *not*!

"The whole troop had hardly recovered from covert giggles over Trooper X's latest idiocy, when the Sergeant-Major gave the order to dismount.

"'Now,' said the Sergeant-Major, 'Trooper X will take over command and conduct the troop through this afternoon's little evolutions all over again—myself actin' as troop leader!'

"'Surprised' hardly describes the expression on the faces of that troop. They were just blank—all but Trooper X, who gazed at the Sergeant-Major just as if he had suddenly discovered somethin' totally new about him. P'raps he thought the Sergeant-Major was mad.

"'No—hang it—I don't want to do that, Sergeant-Major!' he said.

"But his pals egged him on. 'Show that militia broom-stealer up!' they whispered to him.

"Still he hung back.

"'You heard my order, Trooper!' said the Sergeant-Major, and took up his place as troop-leader promptly.

"Trooper X hesitated no longer.

"He was fairly confident as he gave the order to mount.

"The Sergeant-Major, leading the troop, was smiling good-naturedly.

"'You'll get into it in a minute or two, Trooper,' he said.

"The Trooper was 'into it' fairly in less than five minutes! He'd got that troop into such a tangle that Kitchener himself couldn't have restored 'em to their original formation by any word of cavalry command.

"Then the Sergeant-Major, perceiving that now was the day and now the hour, made his way out of the disordered bunch, and addressing the troop which was at an apology for a halt, he said:

"'You see that Trooper X isn't quite proficient at this game. P'raps, in future, you'll obey *me*!'

"With that he got 'em into line and dismissed 'em without another word.

"Two nights after, there was dismounted drill in the squadron's headquarters yard. The whole strength of that squadron turned up early to form a plan to discomfit and generally metapobolise their Sergeant-Major, who had plainly humiliated their beloved Trooper X. Trooper X listened to their hundred and one plans. Then he put one question to that troop.

"'Will you leave this thing to me?' he asked.

"Of course, they all agreed.

"'And you'll back me up, whatever I say to the Sergeant-Major?' he said.

"'Of course!' they cried.

"They lined up very quiet and orderly. The Sergeant-Major was somewhat surprised, having provided (in his mind) for riots of sorts.

"But this Trooper X fell out, and, marching up to the Sergeant-Major, he asked if he might say something—unofficially.

"'Certainly,' said the Sergeant-Major. 'What is it?'

"'Merely that we wish to apologise to you for being cads, sir!' he says as clear as a bell, so that everyone could hear.

"The ranks quavered a little.

"'In future,' Trooper X continued, 'we are going to try to treat a sportsman and a good soldier as he should be treated. I can answer for the others. They promised to back me up whatever I said. Perhaps they'll back me up whatever I *do*.'

"With that, this amazin' youngster put out his hand and grasped the Sergeant-Major's.

"That was the last time that troop moved without an order. They started cheerin' like Britons, and the Sergeant-Major suddenly found himself surrounded by an uproarious crowd clamouring to shake his flipper. Now I know that Sergeant-Major better than anyone else in the world. I know that his best friend to-day is Trooper X!"

The Sergeant-Major knocked the ashes from his pipe on to the grate. In the fireplace the flames had died down to merely a ruddy glow.

"That Trooper X," observed a young recruit nervously, "must have been a sport. I can only think of one man in particular among us who might have done the same thing, and that's Trooper——"

"You shut up, you tactless idiot," said Carteret. "We *all* know that the Sergeant-Major has been tellin' the story of his first encounter with Trooper Kernahan. . . . Wake up, Kernahan! . . . Good gad, boys! he's actually fallen asleep!"

TO MEASURE.

Often one is tempted to have a pair of boots or a pair of leggings made to measure, but is it always wise?

This is how it usually comes about.

A chap has been in the habit of buying his boots ready-made, but as he gets older and finds himself possessed of more money to spend, he begins to think that he ought to pay a little extra to get a perfect fit. He expects to get it by having his boots made to measure.

Nearly always he is disappointed.

The width across the toes is wrong, or the eyelets are badly placed so that one side of the boot is wrinkled when the laces are tightened.

He makes up his mind never again to have boots made to measure, and he is wrong in coming to such a decision.

There is no more comfortable boot than the one which has been specially made for you, but it must be made by an absolute expert, and therefore you have to pay a fairly long price for it.

The tradesman who sells ready-made boots will nearly always undertake to make you a pair at a few shillings more than the usual price, but he does not possess the skill to cut the boot correctly.

Everything depends on cut.

Why is it that a Bond Street suit, costing seven guineas, looks so much better than another costing a half, or a third, of that sum, even though the material is the same? The difference lies in the cut

It is just the same with boots and leggings.

The big firms which turn out these things by the thousand employ highly skilled cutters, and the ready-made fit you get from them is better than the made-to-measure fit that is to be had from a less skilful craftsman.

The moral of it all is that if you want your boots made to measure you must go the very best shops for them. If you can't afford their prices, stick to the ready-made articles.

In the case of leggings, the failure of the cheap made-to-measure article is even more marked. You can't get a really good pair of leggings made for less than a guinea, but you can get a capital ready-made pair for very little.

OMAR'S APPEAL TO SPORTSMEN.

THE PERSIAN POET AND MODERN LIFE.

If I were asked, as a sportsman, by a sportsman, what piece of writing has in it the most direct appeal to sportsmen in general, I should without hesitation name the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

If there exists a man who can read this masterpiece without feeling throughout the appeal to a man's sporting instincts, that man must be dead, indeed, to the pleasures of life. The whole tone and tenour of this delightful verse calls to mind the transitory nature of all about us and speeds us forward to take in each minute and hour a deep draught of life, "before Life's liquor in its cup be dry."

For ever the poet is reminding the man that it is not much good looking forward to some golden age or period of his own life, when sport—life—the two are the same to the sportsman—will be brought to him for his indulgence and at his call. This sort of thing hasn't happened yet, though much hunting has been done since Omar wrote.

No, the sportsman must be his own woodsman. He cannot afford to wait for better times. What-ever is offered at the moment must be enjoyed as it comes.

Why? Listen to the sage old fellow:

> The bird of Time has but a little way
> To fly—And lo! the bird is on the wing.

But apart from his warning of the futility of waiting, when the present is here to be enjoyed, there is also the great uncertainty as to what the next hour will bring—if ever it arrives.

Sport of yesterday is a memory, pleasant no doubt, and leaving its mental and physical effect as evidence of the pleasure it afforded. But it has gone, nevertheless, and cannot be enjoyed again. To-morrow is an uncertainty. The sun is setting, but will it rise? Between the irrecoverable past and the problematical future what is there?

Omar will tell us:

> Unborn to-morrow and dead yesterday—
> Why fret about them if to-day be sweet?

The sportsman's philosophy can be summed up admirably in yet another line: "Take the cash in hand, and waive the rest." In the infinite pursuit of one form of success or gain or another, there comes the element of uncertainty. "The best laid plans of mice and men"—to fly from Persia to Scotland—"gang aft agley."

One is almost tempted to wonder whether even the present is a certainty and is not eluding one. But the present alone can afford satisfaction to the sportsman. He cannot govern the future, and whatever hopes he may have, he cannot reckon without his host in the shape of Time and Chance.

> The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
> Turns ashes—or it prospers—

and all vile theories of getting on or getting out, propounded by those whose existence is a vulgar procession of ignorant ostentation, can avail nothing. In effect Omar implores the sportsman not to save up for uncertainties:

> To-morrow! Why, to-morrow I may be
> Myself with yesterday's seven thousand years.

His constant appeal is for us to "make the most of what we yet may spend." There is no suggestion of hoarding strength, or wealth, or jollity. Get to work at once on your sport of living, and whatever the wilderness in which you find your-self, it will then become a paradise: "While you live, Drink; for once dead you never shall return."

The sportsman will know what to read into that word "drink." He will know that the last thing he must do is to take it literally! All big experiences will come within its scope.

Conflicts have raged round the morals of Omar, but on this point of living to the full here and now there can be no other course than complete acceptance from sportsmen, who do not clog the wheels of their enjoyment with fruitless argument "about it and about," but think life worth living only when it is lived strenuously.

R. B. Giffard.

THE MAN BEAUTIFUL

WHAT IS THE SECRET OF HIS GOOD LOOKS?

There is generally a vast difference between a man's idea of a good-looking man and a woman's. But the woman's insight is, perhaps naturally, the truer of the two. It is not the effeminate beauty with perfect features and nothing behind them that appeals to the woman. It is usually the manly man who wins her love or admiration. It is character, not beauty, that she looks for in his face, and it is rarely only the strong-featured man who is handsome.

Yet study the photographs, which certain of the daily papers delight to publish, of "beauty" winners in the so-called "Men's Beauty Shows" that have lately become fashionable at various seaside resorts, and see how little character there usually is in the faces. Effeminate features and a silly grin, intended, like that of a picture postcard actress, to display a passable set of teeth, are generally all that is to be found in them.

Surely it is a sign of decadence when "beauty shows" become popular, whether it is men or women that put themselves on view and expose their personal appearance to the approval or criticism of an audience of trippers.

It is bad enough when babies are "shown," to be weighed and pinched and win money as if they were prize pigs or chickens, but, for goodness sake, let it be left to babies!

APOLLO, NOT HERCULES.

The "beauty show" type of man is not really handsome—he may be an Apollo, but he is certainly not a Hercules or a Hermes. A glance at the Greek statues, such as those which have been reproduced on the Physical Culture page in previous issues of this paper, will show the difference.

"Classic features" and "Grecian profile" have become household words for beauty in man, and it is from these ancient statues that the comparison is drawn. But there is strength in those stone faces, not merely beauty of outline, for the sculptor aimed always at the ideal.

A firm chin, a straight nose, a good forehead—these are usually among the features of a good-looking man. But it is impossible to portray him in words, for a man may have none of these attributes and yet be strikingly handsome.

Yet everything cannot be left to nature. Many a handsome man owes his good looks to the fact that he is well groomed, and in shabbier clothes, and with less care expended on his person, he would often look quite plain.

THE IMPORTANCE OF "GROOMING."

The way his hair is parted and brushed, his collar and tie, even the cut of his coat, all have something to do with a man's appearance, and the man who can look handsome in shabby clothes and with unkempt hair, is handsome indeed.

The sort of man that a woman likes has just a touch of the brute in his face—enough to give it strength—but nothing of the beast.

There is a world of difference between the two, and many otherwise good-looking men are marred by that touch of the beast that so often shows itself in the lips.

Often the "beauty show" type of man has this in his face, and he is popular neither with women nor men.

There is a Scotch phrase which aptly describes the man who has an effeminate beauty such as this. He is "ugly wi' bonniness." The grammar books would call that an "oxymoron," but it is just a bit of very true observation, and, so often, the Scotch language comes to the help of the English.

The average man is apt to envy the fellow who is "ugly wi' bonniness." He sees only that his features are better than his own—that he has a good nose, a fine complexion, a clear-cut chin, and curling hair.

If he had the truer perception of a woman he would often be thankful that he is not himself so gifted. A man may be actually ugly when you come to analyse his features, and yet his face may have an attractiveness that is denied to his more effeminately handsome friend.

And there is no doubt which will be the more popular. The man who is "ugly wi' bonniness" may attract women or men at first—perhaps only because they like to be seen with him—but the man who is "bonny wi' ugliness," if one may invert the phrase, wins more lasting friendships and more enduring love.

And the reason is not far to seek. In the former case the beauty is only a surface one; it is a matter of form and feature, and nothing more. But with the man who is handsome without being beautiful, the attractiveness is a matter of expression; it comes from within, and is simply the heart and soul of a downright good fellow displayed to the world in his face.

ALAN HAMER.

FOR THE BOXER.

[As readers have written from various parts of the country, asking for information on the subject, we print below a brief statement of the Queensberry Rules for boxing. They were drawn up by the eighth Marquis of Queensberry, who died in 1900.—EDITOR.]

RULE 1—To be a fair stand-up boxing match in a 24-foot ring, or as near that as practicable.

RULE 2—No wrestling or hugging allowed.

RULE 3—The rounds to be of three minutes' duration, and one minute time between rounds.

RULE 4—If either man fall, through weakness or otherwise, he must get up unassisted, ten seconds to be allowed him to do so, the other man meanwhile to return to his corner, and when the fallen man is on his legs the round is to be resumed and continued until the three minutes have expired. If one man fails to come to the scratch in the ten seconds allowed, it shall be in the power of the referee to give his award in favour of the other man.

RULE 5—A man hanging on the ropes in a helpless state, with his toes off the ground, shall be considered down.

RULE 6—No seconds or any other person to be allowed in the ring during the rounds.

RULE 7—Should the contest be stopped by any unavoidable interference, the referee to name time and place, as soon as possible, for finishing the contest; so that the match must be won and lost, unless the backers of both men agree to draw the stakes.

RULE 8—The gloves to be fair-sized boxing gloves of the best quality and new.

RULE 9—Should a glove burst, or come off, it must be replaced to the referee's satisfaction.

RULE 10—A man on one knee is considered down, and if struck is entitled to the stakes.

RULE 11—No shoes or boots with springs allowed.

RULE 12—Contests in all other respects to be governed by revised rules of London Prize Ring.

THE SHEER FUN OF SPORT.

ONE OF ITS CHIEF ATTRACTIONS.

When a man takes keenly to any sport he does so from a variety of causes, and most of them are too deep for him to realise and too obscure for him to trouble about.

But there is an infinite variety of feeling to be evoked by all sport, whatever may be the obvious reason for indulgence in it.

A man who might be asked why he was a sportsman—why he went in for this or that sport—would perhaps say that he did it for the sake of gratifying a craving he could not satisfy in any other way. He would declare that he had to be doing something with his limbs and muscles in conjunction with his head.

Beyond that he would probably give no clue to the causes of his sporting activity. There are many more, of course, but he would probably not know them by their names if he were told them.

But on one point he would be emphatic, and that is the sheer fun to be got out of sport—fun that can be obtained through no other medium. While he is at his favourite sport, the purely physical exercise does not claim his attention.

That he enjoys it and revels in it is, of course, obvious, but beyond this he feels more appreciable sensations, and one of the strongest of these is "the fun of the thing."

Difficulty is the very breath of his sporting life. The more difficult a thing is to accomplish the keener he is to accomplish it. It may seem to be far beyond his powers, but he never knows what his powers really are, and so he "goes for" the obstacle "bald-headed," as he says, and finds tremendous fun even in failing, for he can get to work again, never knowing when he will succeed.

There are always uncertainties of this kind in sport. The man who knew that he would certainly hook and land a dozen roach every time he went fishing, would not become a sportsman. He would set up as a fisherman in a very short time, and turn to some other sport for his real fun.

The chance of success, though it be a remote one, gives a savour to sport that it could ill afford to lose. The crack shot who could hit anything, would lose much of the pleasure of shooting, because he would have none of the fun of its difficulties. The strongest man would lie down, and let his muscles turn to fat, if he had lifted all the weights or knocked out every opponent.

Surely there can be no fun in doing a thing over and over again with the certainty of success?

Not for sportsmen, I think, for uncertainty is more than half the fun of sport. To meet the opponent who can go one better is a true delight to the sportsman worthy of the title. Who has not felt the itch to have another try? To be "up against" something that requires a "lot of doing" is a very real pleasure to the sportsman, and in attempting any feat, whatever the chances of success or failure, there is an element of sheer good fun that is a very precious possession to the sportsman. The need for physical exercise, from a health point of view, may send a man to the Yeomanry, or the rifle range, or the harriers, or the football field, or the ring, or to any of the places where sport reigns supreme, but it will hardly give him the appetite to continue. This is supplied by the sheer fun of sporting difficulties.

If sport were simply a means of exercising the body, there would be few men to go in for it.

They might just as well do a spell of coal heaving or something useful.

We should all find ourselves spending our spare time in market gardening or picking up roads, or something profitable, instead of on the football field or in a cross-country run, or something of that kind.

Or more probably still, we should just take no exercise at all beyond walking from place to place, until our bodies had so degenerated that exercise would become useless.

Sport, therefore, plays no unimportant part in the world's affairs, and it is the sheer fun of it that makes it attractive.

J. G. HAYWARD.

WHERE MEN FOREGATHER

XXXIV. MUSICAL COMEDY.

Obese, heavy-pouched beneath the eyes, hooky of nose, rather gross of feature, sometimes effusive and gesticulatory, sometimes phlegmatic, though none the less sharply watchful for that; always highly perfumed—partly by Nature, partly by Rimmel — the Hebraic element is strong in the boxes and stalls of theatres where they "present" musical comedy.

What is the fascination of musical comedy for the Jew—he is essentially an intelligent man, musical comedy is not essentially intelligent.

Is it lasciviousness that takes him there—the desire to feast his bilious eyes on pretty faces, to lick his fat lips over dainty limbs? To do the Jew justice, I think that the answer is in the negative, as they say in Parliament. The Jew, as a rule, is not a vicious man—he is too domesticated; of course, you may see at musical comedy young and elderly Hebraic satyrs, leering, gloating, chuckling obscenely, beasts, obvious beasts, but they are the exceptions, not the rule.

THE AESTHETIC HEBREW.

The Jew admires a pretty girl—and why the dickens shouldn't he?—but he is more likely to regard her as a work of art than as a morsel for his carnal appetites. And having mentioned Art, we have there, perhaps, one secret of the Jew's devotion to musical comedy.

Do you think that Mr. George Edwardes mounts his pieces as he does for the benefit of Englishmen? Not much. He is not such a fool as to cast his pearls of scene, colour, frocks and frills before—well, stodgy Britons, whose appreciation and understanding of the artistic and the beautiful are strictly limited.

The really beautiful and lavish mounting and dressing of musical comedy appeals to the Jew. He knows a good thing when he sees it, and can take an æsthetic delight in it because it is *good*—also because it represents "monish, ma tear."

THE SEMITIC STALLS.

Then, perhaps, the inanity of the play soothes his restless brain, while the cleverness of the players pleases him. The Jew adores cleverness, and musical comedians—and ennes—are often very, very clever.

Finally, most successful comediennes are Jewesses, and the Jew likes to encourage his own race. Anyway, many Jews foregather at musical comedy—fat Jews, slim Jews, young Jews, old Jews, merry Jews, morose Jews, Jews who call themselves Macgregor or Campbell, Jews (much better men) who are not ashamed of their ancestors' names: all kinds of Jews—and mainly there because they can enjoy clever fooling and an artistic "show."

Ugly, sensual faces, however, you will see in plenty at musical comedy, and they are mostly British.

You may see apoplectic Army colonels growing still more apoplectic over the lavishly displayed charms of the leading lady; stout, successful shopkeepers, smirking at the nearest chorus lady; elderly aristocrats, ogling the girls—all there, just to gloat and gobble and guzzle over femininity, sometimes more or less undraped, sometimes even more attractive in bewildering, baffling billows of lace and lingerie.

There you may also see the conventional villain—the bold, bad "man about town," dark, sinister, immaculately dressed, perfectly groomed, and with his nose decidedly out of joint in these present days.

And dislocated, too, are the noses of libidinous profligates, young and old. Old Money-bags may rattle his gold in the chorus-lady's face, but he rattles it in vain—at least, quite frequently in vain.

Why?

Look around the stalls, and you will see yet another type of musical comedy patron. He is young, often very young. He is nice, even good-looking, though far from intellectual. Still, he is a nice, clean, pleasant, if rather foolish young Englishman; and he is heir to some great, historic name. And he is going to marry one of the chorus ladies—bless him for a blooming liftle silly!

RESPECTABILITY.

The stage-door prowler and villain is really quite "out of it" nowadays; he has been ousted by the young aristocrat, who is bent not on ruining the chorus-girl, but on making a lady and an honest woman of her.

Sometimes I fancy his intentions, though well meant, are mistaken, and sometimes I wonder whether the modern lady of the chorus must not be growing a little tired of hum-drum respectability. It must, I think, be rather boring to Sally Slapcabbage from Seven Dials always to go out to supper with a chaperon, and to end a highly proper and prosaic courtship with wedding bells and orange blossoms—if they have such things at Registrars' offices.

Perhaps the day of the bold, bad man about town, of the amorous and dishonourably-intentioned Crœsus will come again. Meanwhile, aristocratic marriages are made in—musical comedy. It is a sign of the times.

THE MEN OF THE PIT.

Turn from the stalls to the pit. Lots of men there, but mostly young. Heroine worshippers every man-Jack of them. Head over heels in love with the leading lady, but quite cleanly in love with her. She is to them the embodiment of feminine charm and beauty, and, by Jove, they are not so very far wrong. They worship at a distance—humbly, mutely, faithfully.

Not always mutely. Who will ever forget the welcome the pit and gallery "boys" of the Gaiety gave "their" Nellie Farren when she returned from her first tour abroad—who, that is, that was present on that memorable occasion?

Hero worshippers, too; firmly convinced that Mr. Teddy Payne and Mr. Joseph Coyne are not only great comedians, but great men—of infinitely more importance to the world than Mr. Hall Caine or Mr. George Bernard Shaw. And, again, I am not so sure that they are wrong.

There are other men—the men who make the wheels of musical comedy go round. The independence of the stage-hand is a marvellous thing.

I have been behind the scenes of musical comedy—strictly on business, mind you—and I well remember the shock it gave me to hear the limelight-man tell the future Countess of Grasmere (née Sally Slapcabbage) to get out of the limelight and be somethinged to her.

There are worse places to foregather at than musical comedy. I think I shall send one of our leading managers a copy of this article, and ask for a couple of stalls on the strength of it. I wonder whether I shall get them.

PETER GILCHRIST.

IN NATURE'S SCHOOL.

HOW THE COUNTRYMAN LEARNS TO USE HIS SENSES.

The man who is in search of the secrets and enjoyment of Nature, should never forget that there is only one way of attaining either, and that is by practice.

Every sense that he has—sight, hearing, smell, taste, feeling—must go through a long course of practical training, differing from all other sorts of training in that there are no rules, beyond the ever present necessity for careful observation.

His one great necessity is that he should never become entirely urban in his thoughts. There should always be a way open to his inmost thoughts, to himself in fact, so that no open-air impressions should be missed.

And when he is in the midst of nature's scenery he will find that there are hundreds of things he cannot see, simply because he has not sufficient of the right sort of practice.

The eye, in the country, is both telescope and microscope, and it is astonishing how the focus becomes fixed in towns, where the other side of the road is as far as a man sees for many hours of the day. Things which are obvious to the practised Nature-lover are often invisible to the man who is fresh from a city, not because the Nature-lover has specially powerful eyes, but because he has learned exactly how to look.

Long days spent in natural surroundings tend to make the senses extraordinarily acute. One of the most difficult, yet simple, things for the city-trained eye to see is a fish in the water.

Two men will stand on the bank, and one will watch every movement going on below the surface, while the other seems unable to get his sight through the surface. He can see nothing but the rippling top of the water, and thinks his eyes are not keen enough.

But he only lacks practice. The countryman's eye can so adjust itself to lights and currents and movements, that nothing goes on deep down in the clear pool that he does not see.

Just in the same way the sounds of the woods and fields are difficult to understand and distinguish. There are infinite varieties of rustle and creak and swish going on all around, as you stand still in the thick forest.

What are they? The practised man can tell at once the different causes. He knows when the branches of the trees are scraping together in the wind; he can distinguish the sounds among the leaves made by all the different little creatures that abound there.

He will be able to distinguish the presence of game or other birds, not by the shape or colour, or even by their voices—all of which are changed play after a time—but simply by hearing the beating of their wings.

He will begin to feel on better terms with Nature, as he makes each new conquest over his previous ignorance, and will delight in spending his hours in the woods.

But it is not alone by sight and hearing that he will get nearer to Mother Earth and her myriad creatures. The sense of smell plays an enormous part in the world of the wild.

Among animals it is probably the most used sense, and among naturalists it is also one of the most used faculties, not so much for the purpose of discovery as for sheer enjoyment.

Every tree, leaf and plant has its peculiar fragrance, and often they are mingled in one exquisite perfume, as on a still bright autumn morning when the white frost is turning to dew under the influence of the sun. At other times one passes through the country distinguishing the scents one from the other.

All these things, and many more, are but the preliminary examination through which one has to pass before entering into full fellowship with Nature. It is taking a degree in the knowledge of the open air, and when this is accomplished there will open up an immeasurably larger field in which every growing and living thing gives pleasure.

C. EASTON-[illegible]

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE STANMORE STREET BURGLARY.

By STUART FREEMAN.

"Here's luck to every crook, and disaster to every cop!"

Miller raised the glass to his lips, and was about to drink, when one of his companions asked him to stop a moment.

He turned round and confronted Ned Dowler, a man he had never liked, but whom he had so far not been able to get into the hands of the police.

"You ought to add to that toast," said Dowler, "death to every nark."

"And death to every nark!" Miller continued, as he again raised the glass to his lips without a tremor.

Other glasses were filled and other toasts drunk in the course of that evening, and the conversation was for the most part reminiscent, but at length Ned Dowler diverted it into a channel that was extremely personal, but not obviously unpleasant to Miller.

"I say, Joe," said Dowler, "how is it that you've never up to any crook game yourself nowadays?"

"Well, I suppose," replied Miller, "I've sort of lost the knack of the thing. Since I came out of quod two years ago and opened my picture-frame shop I've had my hands pretty full with work on the straight."

"And I dare say you're making a fortune," said Dowler sarcastically, "but, for all that, I don't see many people going into your shop. What's more to the point, I don't think that a chap who has escaped being a crook himself has any business to set up with other chaps who are still playing the game."

"I haven't stopped being a crook," replied Miller, with some heat. "My shop hardly brings me in enough to keep me, and I'd only be too glad to take part in any game that would bring in a bit. My trouble is that I've been kept so busy day that I've sort of lost touch with you chaps, and don't hear when anything is going on; but I've half a mind to throw up the straight life. Let them stick to it who can make it pay. I'm hanged if I can!"

As he spoke he watched the faces of his companions eagerly, and observed that the looks of doubt, which had followed the insinuations of Dowler, were now giving way to expressions of confidence.

Miller was about to turn the conversation into another and a safer channel when Jack Hames, generally known as the Hammer, picked up the thread of discourse where he had laid it down.

"Look here, Joe," he said, "if you really want to make a bit on the crook, join me in cracking a crib to-morrow night. It's an office in Camberley Street, and I think the safe has a bit of good stuff in it. I'm willing to give you a third of the haul. How'll that suit you?"

Jack Hames was a burly ruffian more apt at crimes of violence and at those breaches of the law which required a certain amount of physical strength than any of his companions, but he was not in the running with them at picking pockets and at the more delicate and subtle forms of swindling.

Once upon a time he had, at the risk of personal danger, saved Miller from falling into the hands of the police.

It is well known to those who study human nature that you continue to like any person upon whom you have conferred a benefit, although the person on whom it is conferred does not necessarily like you.

Of this, and all other generalities, the Hammer was supremely ignorant, but he nevertheless acted on it. He had a soft corner in his heart for Joe Miller, and he considered that the scheme he suggested was the quickest and most certain way of removing any stigma of doubt from the reputation of the latter.

Miller himself had no particular desire to participate in the burglary—he had other and less hazardous means of getting a livelihood—but under the circumstances he considered it unwise to refuse, so he pretended a willingness which he did not feel, and agreed to the proposal.

"Right-o!" said the Hammer. "Meet me here at eight o'clock to-morrow night and we'll do the job."

Miller waited on till the conversation had drifted from crime to sport, and imagining that the unpleasant topics which had recently been dealt with were now forgotten, he considered it safe to take his departure.

He mounted a 'bus and alighted at the entrance of a passageway that runs off Regent Street. At the other end there shone the bright lights of a public-house; Miller swung open the door of the saloon bar and entered.

Meanwhile in the East-End tavern Ned Dowler had returned to the question of Miller's fidelity.

"He's a nark," said Dowler, "a bloomin' police spy, or I'm mistaken."

The fist of the Hammer shot out and laid the speaker upon the sawdust.

"I'll teach you," he said, "to jaw about a pal of mine."

On entering the West-End tavern Miller immediately made for a secluded corner where a man sat reading an evening paper. A shrewd observer might have deduced that he had at some time or another been a policeman, for he was well set up, carried his head as a man does who has been long drilled, and had the habit common to those accustomed to wearing uniform of carrying his handkerchief in his sleeve. From his presence here, and from the fact that he was consuming a remarkably small quantity of liquor, you might have suspected that he was a detective, and you would not have been wrong.

"Well," he said, as Miller seated himself beside him, "I see you've got my message."

"I have," he replied, sulkily. "Who is it you want now? I'm getting tired of this job."

"You're not underpaid," said the other.

"It's not that," Miller whispered, "but a chap said something to-night that showed that the boys are beginning to suspect me. It made me queer, I can tell you. If they once knew what my game was, my life wouldn't be worth a moment's purchase. I've saved up just enough to buy my ticket to Canada, and if I could scrape together £10 to make a start, I'd be off to-morrow."

"Well," replied the detective, "I'm going to give you the opportunity of getting that and a bit over. The man we want this time is the Hammer."

"I don't know him," Miller protested. For he still retained a recollection of the service Hames had once done him.

"Gammon!" replied the detective. "You know him as well as I do. Now, look you here. If you can help us to catch him red-handed we'll pay you the tenner you are looking for. We know he's been up to several of these Surbiton burglaries, but we haven't enough evidence to prove it, so we want to lay him by the heels for something different altogether. Wait till you hear he's up to something that would get him five years and let us know in time to catch him at it."

Miller was thinking, and the other was wise enough not to hurry him. A tenner, he reflected, would give him a start and take him clear of London. He would be betraying his only friend, but the Hammer was bound to be caught sooner or later. What would a few months earlier matter?

"All right," he said at last, "I'll do it. He's going to crack a crib in Camberley Street to-morrow night, and I'm going to help him. You'd better post a dozen men in different doorways up and down the street; when the Hammer's working on the safe, I'll show an electric torch at the window."

"It would be easier if you told us the number of the house," his companion suggested.

"I can't," said Miller, "I only know it's in Camberley Street, and that the thing is to be done to-morrow night."

"If you play us straight," said the detective, "and we get him cracking a crib, the money and our best thanks will be yours."

With that they parted, and Miller, instead of taking a 'bus in Regent Street, walked down to Charing Cross, where he stood for a full half-hour staring in at the window of the Canadian Emigration office.

Painted scenery showed a flourishing homestead now illuminated with carefully-hidden electric lamps. On this Miller feasted his eyes, dreaming of the days in store.

Next morning he drew his money from the Post Office Savings Bank, and purchased his ticket to Canada; there was something comforting in carrying it about with him.

When Miller presented himself that night at the place of meeting the Hammer was waiting for him. Ned Dowler sat on a bench at the far end of the bar-room, with a bandage round his forehead. He scowled as Miller entered, but prudence forbade him to say anything.

The Hammer was a gigantic person, with a giant's generosity of thought, and he shook Miller by the hand with all the heartiness in the world.

"We'll just have one drink," he said, "and then we'll be off. We've a goodish way to travel."

Their journey was accomplished by a quarter to nine, and Miller found himself in a part of London with which he was totally unacquainted.

The Hammer led him up one street and down another till they reached a door which opened with a latchkey with which the burlier ruffian was provided. They made their way up several flights of stairs till at length they reached the top storey. With another key the Hammer opened a door that stood before them and they entered an untenanted flat.

"We'll have to wait a bit," remarked the Hammer. "The police would notice anyone coming up a quiet street like this late, so we had to get here by nine. There's a bottle or two of beer in the cupboard, and I suppose you've 'baccy; make yourself comfortable. We can't crack the crib till after twelve."

The three hours wait was the most uncomfortable that Miller could recollect. He had done his spells of solitary confinement at different times, but he never suffered from the mental anxiety that he now experienced.

He hoped and prayed that the adventure might come out as he and the detective had planned, for his chief desire was to get abroad and start afresh. At the same time he could not conquer a twinge of shame for the betrayal of the man who had once done him a kindness. With these thoughts he endeavoured to entertain himself till finally the clock of a neighbouring church struck midnight.

"Now," said the Hammer, taking from a handbag the paraphernalia of his business, "we'd better make a start. This way."

From another room in the flat a ladder led to a trap-door in the roof. The Hammer went first, cautiously threw back the hatchway, and helped his companion on to the leads.

"It's as dark as pitch," he whispered, as he glanced over the parapet.

Miller said nothing, but he wondered what his companion's thoughts would be if he knew what lurked in the black shadows below them.

They made their way over the roofs of several houses. There was small danger of being disturbed, for the street was practically deserted at night, most of the buildings being offices from

basement to roof, and only one or two having the top storey occupied by caretakers. These were mostly old women, half blind and totally deaf, who need not be guarded against.

At length they came to a building some dozen feet higher than those on which they walked. The Hammer uncoiled a rope ladder which he had brought with him, pitched it adroitly skywards till it caught on the parapet of the building in front, and then invited his companion to ascend, while he held the bottom of the ladder slightly away from the wall to make the climb easier. Then he himself followed.

In the centre of the roof was a hatchway, which was bolted and padlocked, but its strongest part was in its weakest fastenings, the hinges, and these the Hammer snapped with a crowbar.

Once more the rope ladder was hooked to the edge of the roof, and one after the other the men disappeared into the darkness beneath.

"Which floor are you to be working on?" asked Miller. "Downstairs, I suppose?"

"No," replied the Hammer. "That's what makes this place such an easy crib to crack. The ground floor is all showrooms, the next three floors are used for storage, and the counting-house itself is in the one we're standing in now."

So saying he applied his crowbar to the door of the room in which they now found themselves, forced it open, and the two men passed into the counting-house of the firm they meant to rob. There were the usual mahogany desks, with brass rails above them and long-legged stools in front.

Against the rear wall stood the safe.

The Hammer threw back the slide of his dark lantern, placed it on the floor in front of the safe, and drew a bottle containing a thick fluid from his pocket. This liquid he plastered on the door of the safe, so that it formed a line up and down the centre.

He allowed it a moment to dry, and then he lit a spirit lamp with a minute flame, which he directed with a blow-pipe against the dark line in the centre of the safe door.

Miller had in the meantime crossed over to one of the windows.

"I'll just keep a look-out," he remarked, slipping up the sash as he did so.

It moved noiselessly, and the Hammer did not observe what his companion was doing.

Fizz-z-z! The blowpipe was slowly but surely eating through the steel of the safe door. Another few moments and half would open on its hinges though the other half remained securely locked.

Suddenly the Hammer saw reflected on the ceiling a broad patch of light. He looked round, and just as he did so the light appeared again. It was being reflected into the room from the dark window of a house opposite.

Another glance showed the Hammer that the light was proceeding from an electric torch which his companion, leaning out of the window, was waving silently to and fro.

The Hammer set his teeth hard, stepped silently across the room, and paused for a moment behind his betrayer.

Then he clutched his legs, heaved them from the ground, and shot the man out into the street.

There was a moment's silence, and then a sickening crash as something struck the stones below.

"So Ned Dowler was right after all," muttered the Hammer. "I must apologise for hitting him. I never thought Joe Miller could be a nark, but it's just as well I told him the crib was in Camberley Street, for that's a good two miles from here. I suppose it's pretty full of cops at the present moment."

Next morning's papers contained two sensational items of news.

One was that a burglary had been perpetrated in an office in Stanmore Street, and that there was not the slightest clue as to the burglar's identity.

The second was that in front of the house where the burglary had occurred, the dead body of a man had been discovered. No one knew who he was, but a ticket to Canada had been found in his pocket, a slight clue which might eventually lead to the identification of the body.

Snaring Rabbits.

A FORM OF SPORT THAT NEEDS MORE SKILL THAN YOU THINK.

Probably many readers of THE MODERN MAN will still be holiday making this Autumn, and some are pretty sure to seek farmhouse quarters, making arrangements with the farmer for some rabbit shooting. Why not at the same time learn to snare them? Usually the farmer is glad to have them thinned, and "clean rabbits"—that is to say those wired or netted, and not shot—are a more marketable commodity.

Considerable practice and a certain natural aptitude are necessary for one to be successful, but one must begin at the beginning, and given the latter "natural attribute," the game is good fun.

The snickle or wire is made by twisting fine brass or copper wire so that one end forms a small noose—twelve strands when finished is about the necessary strength. It is easily done, and here is the method.

MAKING THE SNICKLE.

Take the necessary number of strands—2ft. 6in. in length—double them altogether and hang the loop end over a hook in a beam. Fasten the two loose ends to the handle of a flat iron, spin the iron—and there you are.

Now pass the end through the small loop, and you have a snickle. Fasten seven inches of brown whipcord to the end, and this again to a stout peg.

Be sure not to peel the peg, and see that the top does not show white where the knife has been at work.

For each wire you will need a stiff wand, some seven inches in length, pointed at one end, slightly split at the other. This is called the "tailor," and the shank of the wire is fixed in the split and so held in position. This also must not be peeled.

Say you have made a dozen snares for a start. Now select your various places to set them up. If you look carefully at a rabbit run, you will see that, unlike a sheep track, it is not one continuous hard beaten path.

WHERE TO GET IT.

The fact is that the rabbit proceeds by a series of hops—thus leaving the herbage longer every few inches. It is over this piece, which he clears with his curious hop that you set your snickle.

A well-worn track runs close beside this big bunch of couch grass—a famous place. The peg is driven firmly into the earth, and hidden by the grass. The "noose" is made so that the doubled fist will pass through with some to spare.

The "tailor" is now stuck up—firmly, or bunny will push the wire on one side—and hidden in the grass. The shank is fixed through the split before mentioned, and held a span above the run. Some determine the height by placing the closed fist on the ground and extending the thumb upwards, the top of the thumb so raised being the correct height for the bottom of the noose.

Others spread the hand with the tip of the little finger resting on the ground, the thumb upwards as before. Somewhere between the two is probably the correct solution.

The best plan is to carry a piece of stick of the correct length, and use it as a gauge. The run should not be touched with the hand if it can be avoided; in fact, the le... the grass and the wire... are handled the bett... Wild animals are ve... sensitive to the scent of the human h... Perhaps a little clay on the hand helps to destroy scent.

Our next wire may be set up on the shore s... of a ditch, just where you would expect a rab... to travel fairly fast. The run which goes betwe... the two furze bushes must not be missed. Here we can dispense with the big peg, and tie the cord to one of the furze stems. Well-defined runs can be found in the turnips, and are pretty sure to be productive. Now there is the run which crosses a ditch and through a fence—a famous place this. Set the snickle close up to the fence, using the big peg, or tying it to a portion of the fence.

By the time you have set up your dozen it will probably be dusk, so you go in for supper, and later on to roost.

Be up betimes, swallow a glass of foaming milk warm from the cow, take a bag, and stroll round to inspect each wire.

Do not be disappointed if the majority have scored a blank, for, as I said, the art is not learned in a minute.

THE BAG.

However, there beside the couch grass ... find one—dead. The white underneath him ... be seen long before we reach him. The poor little brute has torn up the grass around in his ma... efforts to escape, and only succeeded in strangling himself. He is put in the bag.

We next visit the one on the shore side of the ditch. Here, sure enough, is another, but as we approach he endeavours to bolt. He has ... caught travelling slowly, and, for some reason or other, has struggled very little. He is just sq... ting with the collar round his neck, and he has ... be taken up by the hind legs and finished off mercifully as possible.

Several of the wires are pretty sure to ... "thrown" and empty; they have been set ... high or too low, or no allowance has been ma... for the trend of the land. Only practice ... teach these niceties, and it is impossible ... explain on paper.

If your list of failures be very great, natura... you will feel inclined to ask someone—the shephe... or carter, or even the ploughboy—if he can sho... you how the thing is done. Each of them will profess the most profound ignorance. How ... they know?

SELF TEACHING.

How, indeed? But—well, no matter. Try ... farmer—he knows, and will probably show ... though, if time permit, it is best to worry it ... for yourself.

One thing is certain—you will be proud ... those four or five snared rabbits than you ... be of a dozen shot, just because you are pitti... your wits against the instincts and cunning of ... creatures, and have come out on top in these cases.

Next time you take a holiday in the co... try it, but be sure to get "permission," and ... certain of the boundary of the particular f...

H. L. LIDDE...

MILK DRINKING.

The custom of drinking a glass of milk ... eleven o'clock each morning has been adopte... many London business men.

They feel that just about this hour they want ... stretch their legs and have some sort of refresh... They don't, if they are wise, want an alcoho... drink at this hour of the day, because that ... them off their work. Therefore, they have a gl... of milk.

Generally this is followed by an acute attack ... depression, and they wonder why business is ... hard. What really is the matter with them ... indigestion. Few men can digest a glass of ... gulped hastily down.

The remedy is to eat a biscuit along with ... milk, or to have the glass half filled up with ... water.

GETTING THE UNIFORM RIGHT.

SOME TIPS FOR REGULARS AND TERRITORIALS.

Clean and smart as the Regular soldier may be, he stands but little chance of the "plums" of the service against the clean, smart, polished soldier. The latter attends to every detail, however seemingly insignificant, to improve his appearance, and to smarten up his accoutrements, with the result that he is noticed by his superior officers, and is rewarded either with a comfortable billet, with its advantages of extra pay and release from ordinary military duties, or, if he is ambitious, with promotion, and perhaps a commission at the end of it.

The following "wrinkles" are worth remembering for the Territorial as well as the Regular soldier, and will ensure that military smartness and polish so appreciated by his officers, copied by his comrades, and admired by his friends.

Nothing detracts so much from a man's appearance as an ill-fitting uniform, and that should be the first thing seen to. Have it altered at once to suit the shape of the body, for most uniforms are strangely alike when first issued.

Have the overalls or trousers well creased down the front, and, when not in use, keep them so by folding them carefully and placing them under the mattress. Other clothing should be neatly folded until required, to preserve the shape and prevent wrinkles.

SLOVENLY MAKESHIFT.

A canteen or coat strap should never be worn in place of braces, except in exceptional circumstances, and, to guard against these, a "housewife," containing buttons, etc., is indispensable. Not only does the strap make one appear slovenly, but it is, especially when in marching order, downright uncomfortable also.

In full marching order the straps should be so adjusted that the valise keeps well up towards the head, and is not, as is often the case, leaning upon the canteen, and, incidentally, nearly strangling the wearer. A hole let out here, another taken in there, until the links of the shoulder-straps, through which the valise-straps pass, are in line under the shoulder-straps of the jacket, and sloping slightly towards the breast, will ensure a correct fit, and add smartness and comfort to the wearer.

A few drops of spirits of wine, well brushed over the valise-flap and finished off with a soft cloth, will increase the brilliancy of that article.

PACKING A VALISE.

A valise sagging at the line near the head is a very unsightly object indeed. To avoid this, pack tightly, force a brush, bristles inwards, down each side, and then on the top of all place a piece of warped matchwood cut to fit the top of the valise. Draw the flap over, and a perfectly level line is secured, free from all danger of sagging.

Blacking should never be used on the bayonet scabbard. It gives but an ordinary polish, leaves an uneven surface, and if used on the back of the scabbard—which some officers insist upon—it will invariably leave a black stain on the tunic and trousers of the wearer.

The following method cannot be beaten for preserving the leather, brilliance of polish, smoothness of surface, and cleanliness of cloth that comes into contact with it, and is a first-rate "tip."

Obtain a penny disc of black heelball from a shoemaker, and a smooth bone, such as the handle of a toothbrush; scrape the old blacking off the scabbard with a blunt knife or metal "button stick"; heat the heelball, which, when slightly melted, must be rubbed over the scabbard front, leaving the bayonet in to maintain rigidity.

Now rub the bone vigorously over the surface until the whole is perfectly smooth and covered with heelball, then place the head of the bayonet against the breast, the other end against a wall, or something solid, hold a soft cloth with one end in each hand, and polish. Then repeat the process on the back part.

After one or two additional applications, the brilliant polish and smoothness is startling compared with the old way. Except for an occasional rub over with a soft cloth, the polish will remain for an indefinite period, and will not stain the uniform, neither will the process soil the hands.

An unburnished bayonet, no matter how clean, appears dull by the side of one that is burnished—but on no account should a bayonet be burnished until it has been thoroughly cleaned with buffstick and bathbrick, or the result will be dulled metal covered with innumerable black marks, which will take hours of hard labour to obliterate. The bayonet blade, by the way, is never burnished.

BAYONET AND RIFLE.

To ensure the whole of the bayonet being in harmony, rub a little white heelball over the wooden parts, and polish with a cloth.

The stock, and other wooden parts of the rifle, should be polished, in a similar manner, with white heelball, and a buffstick passed sharply over the tip of the muzzle. The studs in the handguard may be cleaned with a little bathbrick, aided by the use of a small piece of wood made to fit, and the rifle looks new.

A small bag of powdered chalk beaten on brass buttons or buckles when the process of cleaning takes place, doubles the shine and gives the same glitter that a burnisher gives the well-cleaned bayonet.

A piece of glass used with a scraping motion, will remove the "laces" so disfiguring to the waistbelt and other straps; if it is done as soon as they appear.

To roll a great coat neatly the assistance of a comrade should be sought. After laying the coat on a table, make sure while preparing it for rolling that the width is exactly the same from top to bottom, and slightly less than the regulation width.

TO ROLL A GREAT COAT.

Stab a fork through the folds of the tail end when ready to roll, and turn the collar over to the shoulders. Then, one at each side, gripping with both hands, roll slowly, carefully and tightly, keeping the edges perfectly level until the whole length is done, fasten with coat straps or twine, and a neat roll of regulation width is secured.

For the benefit of any reader who may not be aware of the regulation width, I may say the flap of the valise will be found to be exactly the width required.

Gained, as they are, by experience at home, where, for ceremonial parades, the height of polish is aimed at, and abroad where climatical differences make it imperative that the best and most lasting results should be obtained at a minimum of labour, the foregoing tips will be found most useful to the Territorial. His improved appearance will be pleasing to the eyes of his officers—he will be copied by his admiring comrades, to the delight of his C.O. and to the advantage of his corps, for there is no greater incentive to attract recruits than the sight of a smartly dressed and equipped battalion swinging along. His friends will view with envious appreciation his additional smartness, for, say what you will, there's a deal of attraction to the opposite sex in a smart uniform.

A. LAMBERT.

OCTOBER TWILIGHTS.

"Just when evening turns the blue vault grey."—COWPER.

The lover of the open air—the man whose life must be spent out of doors, if it is to be any sort of life worth living—looks forward with peculiar pleasure to the autumn days, when night begins to encroach on day, and dusk falls with unaccustomed suddenness.

For autumn, like every other season, has its own character of scene and air and impression, and these make as much appeal to the mind as to the eye.

The long comfortable days of summer, when the tide of life is at the flood, and the wealth of foliage almost becomes a burden, and exertion and observation are lulled in a delicious sense of idleness and ease, have passed into memories, and the changing scene and changing atmosphere play upon the senses with new harmonies and impressions.

And October is the month when these are strongest, freshest, and therefore most attractive to the man whose tastes lead to the woods and fields. To him the fall of the leaves is not the end of all things. It is but a step towards the greater pleasures to be enjoyed in this "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness."

But in their fall they give him interest, as the trees change from heavy, shapely colour masses to light and delicate traceries of form. And to the lover of the country the beauty of outline is incomparably greater than that of undefined masses of colour.

From colour to form is the order of things in autumn. From hiding from the sun beneath the shade, he seeks it through the thinning woods, as it dips in gorgeous but cold splendour towards the misty horizon, its yellow light flashing in the splashes of water lying out in the meadows after the sudden rains.

Walking at this season becomes a greater pleasure. The air begins to have a sting. It searches the less-protected surfaces of the body, and insensibly the pace is quickened, the arms are swung more vigorously, the coat is buttoned, and the stick is flourished in answer to the growing chilliness.

Under the roadside trees a dank air moves lightly, moist with much dripping of the boughs, and when a wind stirs above, the heavy, cold drops fall with a wintry spit upon the road, or cause a shiver when they strike the walker's face.

There is a ragged look about the hedges, half stripped of leaves, revealing many a sodden and bedraggled nest of birds that have taken flight to warmer lands.

Through the hedges there is a glimpse of the stream in the valley, its banks that have been high and dry all summer time now washed by a yellow-muddy flood.

On the waters is borne along the aftermath of summer, swirling in disorder and decay.

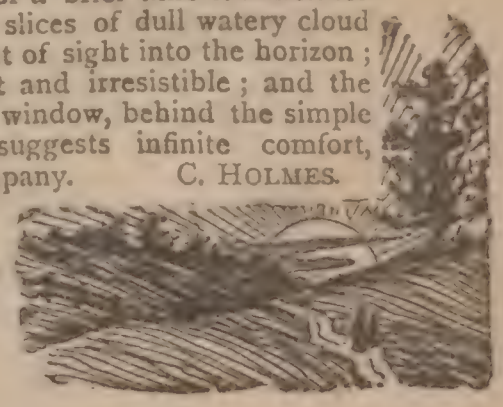
Across the valley the black heart of the woods is showing through the mists that hang above the stream, and a fox picks almost a dainty way up the bank towards the shelter of the underwood. He will give the pack many a chase before his time is up.

The October night falls with a silence and a suddenness that no other season knows. There is no long-drawn-out chorus of bird-song, no echoing voices from the villagers' gardens.

There is a haste to shut out the misty air, a hurry homeward. The cyclist with head bent low and his rain cape thrown over his shoulders, pedals laboriously along, his cycle wheels peeling up the softened surface of the road with a sticky, squelching noise.

The breeze falls; for a brief time it is neither light nor dark; level slices of dull watery cloud move imperceptibly out of sight into the horizon; night comes on, silent and irresistible; and the gleam of a light in the window, behind the simple white cottage blind, suggests infinite comfort, warmth, and good company.

C. HOLMES.



THE SEA CAPTAIN.

A SKETCH.

He was a retired captain in the Merchant Service when I first knew him, and he lived in a quaint little cottage at a tiny sea-side resort, "far from the madding crowd" of trippers, a cottage full of curious objects, and as neat and taut as a ship.

Shells of all sorts and sizes and colours were there, and bits of coral, red and white and pink. Whole sheaves of seaweed, too, and other flowers of the deep.

As for fishes, why, there were all kinds, from star fishes and hermit crabs down to an extra large sword fish and a hideous octopus; and nearly every one had a history attached to it. And there were wildly impossible oil-paintings of ships he had commanded, tossing on seas that beggar description, or ploughing their way with incredible speed through waters as smooth as oil.

And besides, there was treasure from far inland—harvestings from the journeys he had taken into strange countries.

And Captain Hayes himself was a picturesque figure—quite as interesting as the curios he had collected.

He was bronzed pretty nearly to the hue of an Indian idol himself, but his eyes were English blue and looked out from under their heavy, bushy white brows as fearlessly and as keenly as ever they did in the days when so much depended on the Captain's fineness of vision.

Like Saint Paul, he had been in perils oft, and had also suffered shipwreck, somewhere off the island of which Alexander Selkirk found himself monarch.

But there, I am sorry to say, his resemblance to the great apostle ended, for he was not so great a venerator of truth as he ought to have been.

In fact, he was a good deal of an aquatic de Rougemont, with a veneer of Baron Munchausen over all.

But after all, does it really matter? He was only embroidering facts. He told his romances instead of writing them.

And there was the wonderful glamour of the ocean about all his stories of the southern seas where the dolphins play, of the vanishing islands, and of the still wilder waste of waters "with never a wing of a bird on it."

He had an atmosphere softer-hued than the glaring white light of fact.

He was, in appearance, a trim, dapper little chap, something of a dandy still in spite of his age. And he had many accomplishments.

He could be when he chose a very entertaining companion. He could play an air on his guitar that a Venetian gondolier might have envied, and paint a charming little picture.

He could carve a dainty souvenir out of a bit of driftwood. He could fence, as he expressed it, like a gentleman, and I have seen him use his fists like a good 'un.

Drink? Well, you see, he was a sailor, and the tot of rum had become second nature—only sometimes his tot of rum was gargantuan.

He had kept free from petticoats all the days of his active life. "His ship was his missus," he was wont to say.

But, wise as he had proved himself in the past, a widow managed to capture him. "A pirate" he used to call her in later times. "I had to sail under the Black Flag at last. Fancy—*me*, Joe Hayes!"

He did more, for she made a teetotaler of him, and he had to throw over his cargo of rum—"Real Jamaica, my boy."

After that he seemed to lose interest in things. His tales grew sadder, and the dreary hopelessness and greyness of the Antarctic region seemed to have eaten into his romances.

One day he fell asleep in his chair, and he never waked at any earthly port.

Joe Hayes had gone a longer voyage than he had ever signed on before.

And the widow buried him in the little graveyard which the sea is coveting.

CHARLES WATSON.

MY NOTEBOOK.

PREPARING. I am writing this in the train after a more than usually hard day at the office. The trouble has been the extra work entailed in the preparation of next week's number, which is our birthday issue.

It scarcely seems a year since I prepared the first number of THE MODERN MAN, but the calendar, and the numeral on the cover, show it to be so. The first anniversary number of a paper is an event of moment to those interested in its welfare, and I have not spared myself in my efforts to make next week's issue my best so far.

My difficulty has been that I have been doing my very best each week, so that it is not an easy task to turn out a number which may be called special; yet I feel that I am justified in applying that term to the issue which will be yours next week.

I am looking now at what we call in the trade the "make-up sheet"—a diagram showing at a glance the skeleton of the number—and there is not one contribution in it which does not interest me intensely.

I believe it to be the best number we have ever published, and I hope you will agree with me.

The price will be the usual one, a penny, but I think you will admit that the value is greater than usual.

MY PORTRAIT. Time and again readers have pressed me to publish my portrait in the paper. I do not know why. Possibly they want to know what the man looks like who provides them with the things they want to read.

I do not see that my appearance matters much. I have managed to find certain new writers, and have used their talents to express those things which I feel, but which I lack the ability to put into literary form; that is all I have done, and I do not think it matters very much what my figure and features may be.

THE QUESTION OF SPACE. I have stood out against these requests for my photograph because I considered that the space that would be occupied by its reproduction could be filled in a more interesting manner with literary contributions. I still hold that view.

There are, however, so many readers who want to see what manner of man I am in the flesh that I have decided to meet their wishes without reducing the amount of literary matter by doing so.

I am having my photograph reproduced on art-plate paper, and I shall give away a copy of it with every number of next week's issue. Those who want my portrait shall thus have their wishes met, and I shall not be depriving you of space which, in my opinion, could be filled in a more interesting manner.

HOW I DRESS. Here is an extract from a reader's letter:

"I can't suppose for a moment," he says, "that you are a fop, for I am sure you have too much good common-sense; but I feel sure that you dress pretty well. I wish you would tell me what cut of suit you think becomes a man best—in fact, what do you like to wear best yourself?"

I know very well what I like to wear best, but it isn't always possible to wear it, owing to the conventions that govern the world of business.

If I had my choice, I should plump for riding breeches and leggings all the time, and I seldom wear anything else (so far as my nether limbs are concerned, of course) when I am in the country.

Sometimes, when the morning is very wet, and there is every prospect of the day continuing to be the same, I do not trouble to change my riding togs, but come to town in them.

I only wish that they were considered the right thing for city wear on fine days as well as on wet, but until the fashion changes in this respect, I must content myself with a lounge suit.

I like breeches and leggings for several reasons. For one thing you don't have loose trousers flapping about your ankles as you walk; but my chief reason is what my old professor of metaphysics used to call the association of ideas—the breeches serve to remind me of my happiest hours the time spent on horseback.

CONVENTIONALITY IN CLOTHES. I don't suppose that I am intruding on Captain Saunders's province when I say that it is a pity we are so much tied down by convention in the matter of dress—at least those of us who earn our living in towns.

By condemning the conventionality of clothes I don't mean to infer that I should like to see men walking about in soft hats and Inverness capes like poets, for that kind of thing looks effeminate; sporting toggery, on the other hand, is essentially masculine, and there is something pleasing about it to the eye of the observer as well as to the wearer.

That is only my opinion, of course, and perhaps I am prejudiced, but I am glad to see that it is shared by many others, and that every winter shows an increasing number of men who wear breeches and leggings to business on wet days.

MANUSCRIPTS. Recently I made an announcement on the front page, inviting readers to submit manuscripts for consideration. I am pleased to say that very many have done so, and I have purchased a large number of them.

There is an old tradition that nothing but the work of a professional journalist is considered by an editor, but, like many another tradition, it has outlived its time—at least so far as this office is concerned.

It is only by constantly keeping my weather eye open for fresh talent that I am able to keep the paper fresh and I am more than willing to consider any work that may be sent to me.

TROUBLESOME CONTRIBUTORS There are some contributors—or rather would-be contributors, for they seldom get their work published—who do their best to turn the editorial hair grey, and they might succeed if I didn't take things pretty philosophically.

Their usual plan is to send in a manuscript without a stamped envelope for return, and often without a name and address, and then to worry me daily as to whether I have accepted it.

My manuscript clerk, who is, I fear, a hard nut to crack, deals with these writers, but occasionally I get to hear of such matters, for I make it my business to keep in close touch with every department, and the folly of the people concerned amazes me.

Whether they suppose that they are going to hustle me into buying their contributions for the sake of peace, I don't know, but I do know that they are wasting energy.

I cannot now read personally all the manuscripts submitted to me, but they are dealt with by a competent reader, and any which shows merit are invariably put upon my desk. There is no chance of good stuff being overlooked, and those who submit manuscripts to me may rest assured that if they are what I want they will be bought.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE. Next week I shall announce full particulars of the league which I am founding.

I have concluded arrangements for the supply of badges, and the design is absolutely unique. The place where the badge will be worn is also new, and there are many other points in connection with it that make it different from any other badge.

Personally I think it capital; anyhow I am going to wear one myself, and I shall be proud to do so for it will be an emblem of the good feeling that links my readers' hearts and mine.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

THE POPULAR MAN.

VII.—THE STICKER.

"It's dogged as does it," somebody said or wrote, and expressed for his generation a sentiment and a truth that are characteristic of many Englishmen and most sportsmen. The man who sticks to it, whether "it" be sport, or work, or fight, or anything else worth living for, is a man who is sure to be popular.

He is much more likely to be popular than the man who is at the tip-top of excellence—the man who has scaled the heights and is just a little anxious that he shall stand alone undisturbed by other aspiring fellow creatures.

There are no occasions in the life of the "sticker" for envy, hatred, malice, and other forms of unsportsmanlike uncharitableness. He lives in an atmosphere of which the ruling principle is "live and let live."

He has no desire to oust any man from his position, and he is incapable of suspecting that anyone is desirous of ousting him. Why should any man wish to push him out of the even and fairly smooth rut into which his tastes have led him?

The thing is inconceivable. And this "groovi-ness" brings us to the characteristics of the "sticker." He is usually a sportsman, who, though quite keen on his game, is nevertheless rather inclined to stick to this from habit, old-established habit, than from any enterprising spirit.

He is not an original man by any means. He is not likely to set the Thames on fire with any exhibitions of enthusiasm or any deviations from a quiet mode of life.

He has chosen a course which is above all things inconspicuous. He hates to live in the limelight. Publicity and show are foreign to his nature. He hates to think that even unconsciously he is playing to the gallery.

But in the position he has made for himself he is master and not servant. His work never crushes him, his sports never lead him into wild enthusiasms, but he "sticks."

Perhaps his most engaging quality is his steady reliability. No man is more sought after where a steady long pull is required. Throughout a game he will work like a nigger for his side, not brilliantly but confidently and efficiently.

Without him all the enterprises of the brilliant man would come to nothing.

He typifies the stolidity and heaviness of the rank and file. Put him behind a good leader who knows his business, and he will go anywhere and do anything.

But he needs this directing power. It isn't in him himself, and he cannot cultivate it.

After all, it is given to a small minority to leave the beaten track, and he is not of the number. He and his like have done most of the rough work of Empire-building, for his motto is "never say die," and tough jobs are his lot every day of his life.

As a companion, the "sticker" has innumerable attractive qualities. It is easy to compromise with him; his "sweet reasonableness" is proverbial; he doesn't think life is long enough to dispute about unessentials.

He is contented with his lot, and that makes him an agreeable companion. He is not always wanting to take the lead in the details of life, any more than he does in his work or play.

He is without ambition, and the happier for being so. The ambitious man who has not the power to satisfy his ambition, is one of the most unhappy men alive.

It cannot, however, be urged against him that he is without character and personality. To be able to hang on as he does, often amid discouraging circumstances, shows him to be a man of grit and quiet determination.

An uphill game, a losing game, brings out all his latent qualities of endurance, and provides him with his best opportunities of showing his mettle. And it takes a very keen man to keep his interest alive in sport when he knows for almost a certainty that the result will be against him.

G. C. HAMILTON.

"I hear you're teaching your son to play bridge. Do you think that's wise?"

"Certainly. He's bound to learn from somebody. If he learns from me, it keeps the money in the family."

* * *

SANDY (putting down half-a-sovereign at the booking office): "Single tae Glesca."

BOOKING CLERK: "Change at Stirling."

SANDY: "Na, na, me man. I'll just tak' ma change here!"

* * *

"Mary," said Mrs. Smith, "I don't like the looks of that man who called to see you last night."

"Well, well," replied Mary, "ain't it funny, ma'am? He said the same about you."

* * *

They were uttering the tender nonsense that succeeds the great question.

"And," said the girl, bravely, "if the wolf ever comes to the door, we will face it together."

"Ah, dearest," he replied, "the mere sight of your face would scare the wolf away."

And there's another engagement ring wasted.

* * *

MRS. NURITCH: "I told Widow Jones to send her boy to you and you'd give him a position."

MR. NURITCH: "Well, I didn't give him a position, He came with a note from her, an' she said in the note: 'I must find employment for my boy, even if he works for a mere pittance.' The nerve of her callin' me 'a mere pittance'!"

* * *

FITZNOODLE: "Ya-as, weally, it costs me five thousand a year just to live, don't y'know."

FARMER TURMUTS: "Don't ye pay it! 'Tain't wuth it!"

* * *

THE MAID: "Please, sir, missus wants you to send for the plumber, 'cos she's dropped her diamond ring down the——"

THE MAN: "Tell your mistress not to be ridiculous. I'll buy her another diamond ring; it'll come cheaper."

* * *

MRS. HASTYMATCH: "I had a dozen proposals before yours. All from smarter men than you, too."

MR. HASTYMATCH: "They must have been. How did they manage to crawl out of it?"

* * *

CALLER: "So sorry to hear of your motor accident."

ENTHUSIASTIC MOTORIST: "Oh, thanks, it's nothing. Expect to live through many more!"

CALLER: "Oh, I trust not!"

* * *

"Papa, may I take my piano with me when I marry?"

PAPA: "I shall insist upon it, my dear."

* * *

MISS HOAMLEY: "I understand you do very handsome work and make very pretty pictures."

PHOTOGRAPHER: "Yes'm, but I can give you an exact likeness if you prefer that."

No order.

BROOKS'S AILMENTS.

A HYPOCHONDRIAC AND HIS CURE.

Brooks is a cheerful person to live with, and no mistake.

He's a relation of mine and he lives with me.

I'm really thinking of getting married on his account—in order, you see, to get rid of him, for I'm certain no woman would put up with Brooks. It requires a masculine virtue.

Brooks lives in a state of chronic fancies. He has "Every Man His Own Physician" on the chair by his bedside, and when he can't sleep, he reads and invents symptoms for himself.

Then next day he runs in to the doctor.

He's the positive bane of that doctor, who only lives at the end of our terrace. I've seen him escape out of the back door when Brooks has been at the front.

But Brooks has money and doctors are very fallible!

So when he is fairly caught by Brooks, he gives him bread pills and coloured water, and Brooks is happy for a few days—that is, happy for Brooks.

I asked the doctor once if anything was really wrong with Brooks. He said he wished he had his constitution—"healthiest chap I know," was his verdict—"he's just a hypochondriac, and if he had to work for a living he'd never trouble a doctor."

He sits feeling his pulse while I smoke—entertaining sort of a cove, Brooks!

Then I look up and see his eyes fixed in a glassy stare.

"Hullo!" I say, "feel queer?"

He answers solemnly that he is listening to his heart—waiting for the devil's knock, and that sort of rot—only he says it in medical French!

I say, "Oh! shut up! You give a fellow the creeps to hear you talk."

Then he smiles in a sickly sort of way, and goes upstairs for another look at that book.

The doctor has a visit next day from him. I wish he would give him a good dose of the filthiest physic he's got. That might cure him.

Brooks is a perfect godsend to the patent medicine vendors. He's tried So-and-So's Pills, and Thingummy's Ointment, and What's-his-Name's Syrup, and given them all testimonials!

They're all for different diseases, and he hadn't had one of them. Valuable testimony, Brooks's!

He leads his man a pretty sort of a life. I can't think why the fellow stops with him.

"What's your master say he's got now?" I asked him last week.

"Oh, he is lame, sir."

And, by Jove, there he was hopping about the room on one leg.

"Gout," he said with an air.

"Imagination," I said.

Binks said it was a good thing his master confined himself to non-infectious complaints, and there is something in that.

The funniest thing that ever happened to Brooks, after such little mishaps as swallowing a leech, and being obliged to let a porous plaster *wear* off, was when he answered an advertisement for some nostrum or another, and made a mistake in the address.

A great hamper arrived in due course. It contained a big medicine bottle of some mixture, which smelt powerfully and looked noxious, and two of the biggest pills I ever saw. I don't believe that any human throttle except Brooks's could have managed to swallow them. Brooks took the lot.

Brooks is likely to remember that physic as long as he lives.

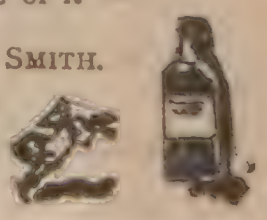
Outraged Nature turned and rent him. For the first time Brooks's fancies became fact. For the first time the doctor earned his fee. Brooks was pretty bad. You see it was his mistake, for the medicine was for a sick cow, and the pills were horse balls.

Brooks is not going to give the vet. a testimonial, however.

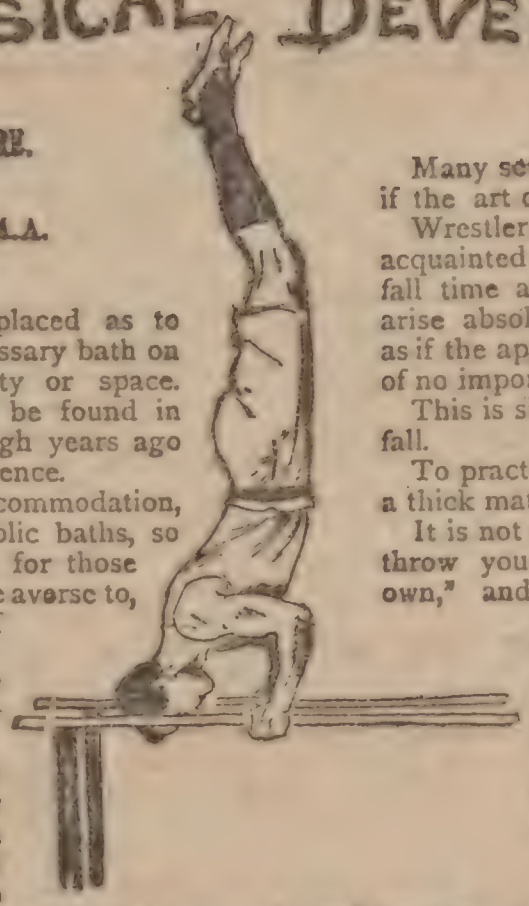
I have a fancy—I hope it may be a fact—that Brooks is cured.

"Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it"—that's Brooks's motto just at present.

SIGISMUND SMITH.



RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

THE BATH.

Few are so unfortunately placed as to be obliged to forego the necessary bath on account of lack of opportunity or space. The bath-room is, happily, to be found in nearly all modern houses, though years ago it was conspicuous by its absence.

In addition to private accommodation, there are also to be found public baths, so that there is really no excuse for those happily rare individuals who are averse to, or careless of, the necessity of the bath.

The bath as a curative factor for many complaints is now admittedly valuable.

It is prescribed for a variety of diseases. Hot air or vapour baths are useful to break up a cold. Gout, rheumatism, and similar ailments are also greatly benefited by the above. And for a nervous headache, cold feet, or sleeplessness, a hot foot-bath is strongly to be recommended. The feet should afterwards be dipped in cold water and well dried with a rough towel.

The cold sitz bath is of great value both as a tonic and for certain nervous complaints. Some authorities advise that the spine should be bathed at the same time by pouring water down it in order to obtain the best results.

Sponge and shower baths are very invigorating and strengthening, but only for those of robust constitutions.

Persons suffering from organic weaknesses should on no account indulge in them.

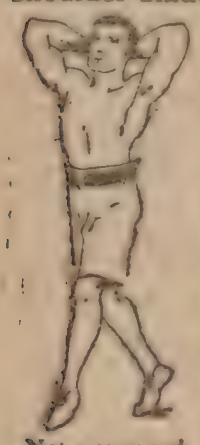
A bath should never be taken on a full stomach. An hour or so at least should elapse, as digestive troubles will otherwise be set up.

And remember that after a hot bath you are particularly liable to take cold, so that the best time for it is just before going to bed. If you take your bath after exercise in the evening, do not go out afterwards without a heavy overcoat.

A LEG DEVELOPER.

The gentleman in the sketch is not executing a song and dance, but is really performing a very practical and rather difficult exercise for the thigh and calf muscles and for all the joints of the legs.

Stand erect and place the hands behind the head so that the chest is opened out and the shoulder-blades forced together.



Not a song and dance.

Now rise on the toes and raise the left foot, keeping the leg stiff and the toe pointed towards the the ground.

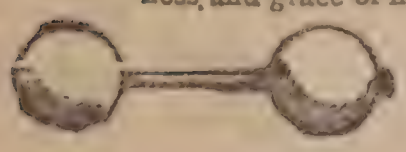
The body must be leant slightly backwards in order to maintain the balance.

Now bend the right knee and without replacing the heel on the ground, sink slowly down, still keeping the left leg extended before you.

Having lowered your body as far as possible without losing your balance, begin gradually to rise again, without pausing and without touching the ground with the extended leg.

Having risen once more to your full height, return to the starting position and repeat the exercise with the other leg.

The muscles especially benefited will be those at the back of the thigh and calf, but the whole body will profit greatly by the exercise in suppleness and grace of movement.



HOW TO FALL.

Many severe accidents could be averted if the art of falling were only understood.

Wrestlers, gymnasts, acrobats are all acquainted with this important art, and can fall time after time with perfect ease and arise absolutely uninjured, continuing work as if the apparently heavy fall were a matter of no importance.

This is simply because they know how to fall.

To practise falling it is necessary to have a thick mat or cushions until perfect.

It is not necessary for anyone actually to throw you—you can practise "on your own," and in the following way:—Squat down on the ground, arms extended, hands in front and feet drawn up. Roll gently over on the back, and just before touching ground throw out both arms, so that the whole arm, from shoulder to fingers, touches the ground smartly.

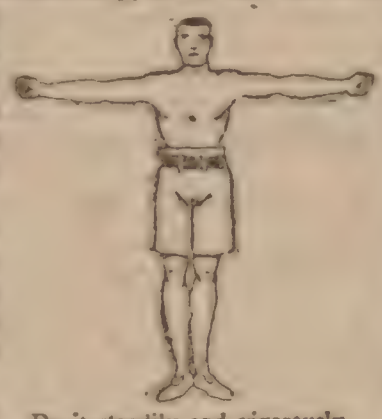
This can be practised time after time until wearied. It will be found especially useful in wrestling.

When possible try to fall on the back, as you will be less likely to be injured, the soft pads at the back of the shoulders acting as safe-guards.

FOR THE BACK AND SHOULDERS.

Stand erect with the feet together and the body drawn up to the full height.

Extend the arms horizontally, as in the sketch; clench the fists, and tense the arm muscles.



Do it steadily and vigorously.

Now press the arms backward, with the backs of the hands towards each other, as far as possible.

Keep the arms absolutely stiff throughout, and try to keep them in the same plane as that of the position depicted.

Then return them to this position, and, without dropping them to the sides, repeat the process about a dozen times.

Keep the arm muscles tensed until you finally drop the hands to the sides.

There are few exercises so useful for the shoulder muscles, on which the strain will be greater than you might suppose.

MASSAGE.

Most athletes are firm believers in massage, and rightly applied—for there is a right and a wrong way—it is of great benefit.

Trainers of boxers, sprinters, and so on, always include massage in their régime, as it loosens the muscles, averts fatigue, and is wonderfully refreshing, taking away that stiff, tired feeling all who indulge in strenuous exercises experience.

If the services of a trained masseur are to be procured, all the better, but it is, of course, quite possible to do a good deal by oneself. For instance, the muscles of the arms and legs can be kneaded and stroked easily, as well as the chest and trunk. In massaging the trunk always rub towards the heart.

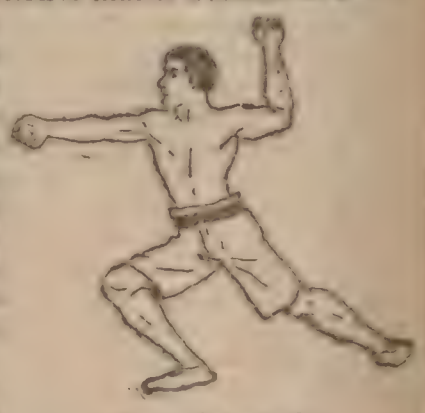
Appliances can be bought for massaging purposes, but for ordinary uses they are not required, the flat of the hand and the finger tips being all that is needed.

A little olive oil or some ointment should be used, as it improves the skin, and as one young fellow expressed it, "makes rubbing more interesting."

FENCING WITHOUT FOILS.

This is another of those exercises which can give you some of the benefit to be derived physically from various sports, without the necessity of any opponent or other apparatus.

The starting position is that of a fencer on guard with the left arm bent at right angles, as in the sketch, and the head turned over the right shoulder, the right foot being slightly advanced. Or if it is preferred, you may start from the ordinary position of attention.



A suppling exercise.

The exercise consists simply of a series of lunges at an imaginary opponent, which must be done more vigorously, and with the legs further apart, than in the usual lunging exercises, so that you assume the position shown in the sketch.

Then recover to whichever starting position you adopt, and repeat the lunge.

The exercise will give some variety to your daily exercises, and is valuable—though, of course, not to be compared with real fencing—for suppling the muscles, and giving a graceful carriage.

A NEW SERIES.

In next week's number I propose to give on this page the first of a series of physical tricks which should prove useful as a means of whiling away the winter evenings.

These tricks have in most cases the advantage of being almost as beneficial to the development as an ordinary exercise, but they will have an interest which cannot attach to the exercise which they will replace each week

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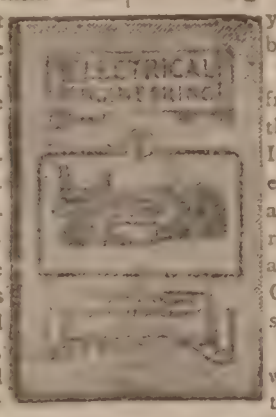

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A Champion of England

A SKETCH.

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

"Hallo! Well, you're lookin' convalescent, I *must* say. Got the pip? The ultra-marine blues? Why, my dear boy, why?"

Thus spake a fat and cheery optimist in the Birdcage at Newmarket to one whose features were decorated with the best court plaster, whose eyes were of the pale yellow hue that succeeds the black, and whose pockets were light because the home stables had failed to beat the "visitors" in any of the first four races.

"Good heavens!" the optimist persisted, "the Government have not yet passed a law prohibiting race meetings. For all their verdancy they know they are a sight less harmful than Budget Campaigns. Still there are smiling bookies; still the tale-pitcher spins the yarn as of yore; still the paddock is filled with designing females with sweet smiles. What more can you desire, old sport? What more can you ask of life, eh?"

The gentleman with the glued face merely shook his head sadly.

"It all seems a blank—a bore," he said. "There's no fun in living, not a scrap."

"Not a scrap? Well, what have *you* been doing to get those marks of honour? My dear boy, even a champion of England gets a licking sometimes."

"So he does," said he of the daffodil eye, "so he does. That's a comforting reflection, old sport, but when a man's in a hole——"

"*A* man. One! Good Lord! Why, your cap covers your family. What price *me*, with a son who's cost me seventeen 'under'd quid in three years—all the fruits of pinching the odds in the half-crown tank for ages. Yes. *You* ought to be the sire of a broth of a boy. Then you might know just what trouble *is*.

"You never met Herbert, did you? My son Herbert? Now, he ought to be here to-day assisting me to make a get-round-every-time book in the tank. But he is *non est* (what price my Latin, kiddy?), or, in other words, not present. So I've drifted into Tattersall's and the sin of backing gee-gees instead of laying 'em.

"Ask the rooks in the bright blue sky where he is. What's he doin' now, I wonder? He's a nut, that boy! Why, for all I know, that may be him over the rails there disguised as a chauffeur of high degree. *I* shouldn't be surprised if he knows somethin' about the liftin' of the Ascot Gold Cup. It was very nearly worthy of him. There ain't nothin' amateurish about him—and he's cost me seventeen 'under'd quid in three years.

"Oh, he's a chip of the old block. Amateurish? You should see him use his dukes! Why, Inspector Brue said—but never mind. The boy's hot stuff—mustard! Get him into trainin' a bit, and he'd be champion of England in less than no time!"

The rubicund countenance of the optimist was wreathed in smiles, and paternal pride shone thereon. He produced a case filled with evil-looking cigars.

Mournfully the sufferer waved it away.

"Doctor's knocked me off smokin'," he said.

"Well, cheer up. Think of the money it saves you. Knockin' off smokin' is economy——"

"Previous to that," observed the patched gentleman bitterly, "I was nearly knocked off me head."

"And *that* seems to worry you! Now look here, old boy, there's no use in doin' a thing if it ain't done well. Judgin' from a casual and Sherlock-Holmes-like glance, I should say that your face displays the finished work of an artist. There's a certain colouring about that eye of yours that I admire no end. It was no mug who caught you on the jaw like that, either. There's a bit of precision, too, about that cheek-bone blow. It was a straight smash, any fool can see—probably let you have a stinger with his right when you were tryin' to counter the jaw-hit.

"Now, *that's* the sort of man my boy Herbert ought to meet. You don't happen to have his address on you, do you—or his card, or any other little memento?"

"I've got his marks all right," said the invalid gruffly, "if you can read *them*!"

"Well, anyway, that chap oughtn't to be very hard to find up. There are very few artists with their dukes left—outside the professional ropes. In the old days, what was a good race meeting without a free fight? Now it's all namby-pambyism, and boys of twenty go to bed with their pillows soaked in lavender water, and a hot-water bottle at their bloomin' feet. They play—*golf*."

There were oceans of contempt in his last word.

"Can they show anything like this?" the old sportsman continued excitedly. "See that thumb? Well, I can't use it! Knocked it out in the last little battle I ever had, and they never set it properly. Not that they spared expense. Gentlemen were gentlemen in those days, and they could use their fists, by George! To think that there are so few of 'em left! Why, it does my heart good to see actual proof standing before me that the old blood isn't altogether dead in England."

"Ho! *Does* it? Look here, this ain't so highly amusin' to me, you know. Besides, *I* shouldn't call him a gentleman. It was bloomin' unfair from the outset. When I came round in the hospital, they told me I'd tackled a holy terror, and the worst of it is, by what I remember of him, he didn't look it. He was walking over Blackfriars Bridge that evenin' looking just like a young pup of what you call the hot-water bottle style. He was chewin' a cigarette and swingin' a stick, which is a fool's trick in London. So I asked him to be careful with the stick.

"'You seem to think you've hired the bridge by the bally hour!' I says to him.

"'You're askin' for trouble,' he replies, and stops sudden-like.

"'Do you consider yourself the sanguinary champion of England, Cocky?' he says to me. 'Because that's just about the only chap I'd take the slightest dash of sauce from!'

"'Pooh,' I says. 'You sanguinary example of degenerate youth. Go home and do a bit of Sandow! I'd back the champion of the Borough Board School to settle *you* inside two and a half minutes!'"

"Beautiful, beautiful!" exclaimed the optomistic gentleman. "And what happened then?"

"This did," replied his friend, indicating his tinted eye. "I don't know that I can give you the rest of the blows in correct order—they came like twenty cricket balls thrown almost simultaneously."

"Oh, luv'ly—luv'ly!" The old sportsman cried in glee. "Now I wonder if my Herbert could by any chance meet that promising youngster if he hung around Blackfriars Bridge. Twirlin' a stick, I think you said? I hope it's a habit, so he can be recognised by it. I tell you, sir, one of those boys 'll be champion of England some day. Wonder which one 'll come out first. Hallo!——"

Suddenly the face of the invalid went a shade paler.

"My gordfathers!" he murmured, "my gordfathers!' But the optimistic gentleman waved his hand to a well-built young man who was rushing excitedly round the paddock with a race-card in his hand. He approached the two sportsmen.

"Sorry I couldn't turn up in the tank, guv'nor," he said. "We've been workin' an away commission for Timorous Teddy. Somethin' extra for the next race—but keep it dark, keep it dark. . . . Er—who's this?"

"Herbert, my boy," said the proud father, "this gentleman has met your only rival to the title of future Champion of England. Haven't you, sir?"

"No. No!" said the sufferer tremblingly. "I was wrong, utterly wrong. I *know* that your son has *no* rival——"

"Call him Herbert, and let me introduce you. This is——"

Herbert held up his race-card and interrupted his father.

"We have met before," he observed solemnly.

"Yes—Blackfriars Bridge!" said the invalid in broken accents.

And he sauntered off alone to imbibe a brandy-and-soda in the refreshment buffet.

SNAGS.

Many a man sharpens his axe who never uses it.

* * *

Diffidence has prevented many people from making the fools of themselves they would have liked to.

* * *

Health is like any other inheritance; you can spend the interest in work and fun, but you mustn't break into the principal.

* * *

Amongst the few great joys in life is staying in bed ten minutes after we know we ought to get up.

* * *

Some anglers get a fine collection of bait, but don't catch any fish; some men spend years over their education with about the same result.

* * *

The woman without a grievance thinks herself neglected.

* * *

No girl likes to practise archery with a cross beau.

* * *

Beware of the hair tonic that a bald-headed barber tries to sell you.

* * *

Some people believe only half they hear, and they choose the wrong half.

* * *

The men who never make mistakes are not the ones that fill the responsible positions.

* * *

The man who never gives offence is as rare as he is scarce.

* * *

When the father spares the rod, the son takes it and goes fishing.

* * *

The girl who fishes for compliments baits her hook with flattery.

* * *

The blessing in disguise usually has a hard time to prove its identity.

* * *

The man who thinks he never did a foolish thing isn't wise enough to know what folly is.

* * *

There is no better lesson in life than pinning faith to the wrong idea, and being scratched by the pin.

* * *

You never know a man till you've owed him money.

* * *

The fool shoos his neighbour's hens from his back garden, but the wise man fixes up a proper place for them to lay in.

* * *

The difference between "meddle" and "jest" is, that other people do the former and you do the latter.

Business is Business

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

HOW CHARACTERS ARE LOST IN BUSINESS.

One of the most pleasing things to the man who takes an interest in the theoretical side of business is the fact that, although there are many temptations, commercial crime is comparatively infrequent.

I believe that this is to some extent due to our present system of conducting business, for it gives to each man so much work that he has no time for the thinking out of schemes—either for the increasing of his employer's profits, or for defrauding him; but, at the same time, I like to think that business has what might almost be called a refining influence on a man's morals, and that the systematic habits and the precision bred by commerce are consistently antagonistic to petty larceny.

Nevertheless, it is most unwise for employers to place unnecessary temptations in the way of those who assist them.

This fact is borne in upon me by a letter which a reader has sent me. He informs me that he is paid £30 a year in salary, and that his overtime never amounts to more than another £3 a year, but, in spite of the insignificance of his wages, he has passing through his hands at least £2,000 of the firm's money annually. He tells me that no check is kept upon this money except a yearly audit.

He does not so much as suggest that he has ever been tempted to steal his firm's money, but he tells me about the £2,000, because he thinks that his responsibility warrants an increase in his salary.

Unquestionably it does.

I think that it is very wrong for an employer to allow so much money to pass through the hands of an employee unless the accounts are checked weekly.

After all, we are but human and a man may have a pressing creditor who is insisting upon payment. It seems an easy way for him to take what he terms to himself a "loan" from his employer's money, if there is much of it in his hands. Something is coming in at the end of the week by means of which he will repay it.

But the something fails to come in and the man is unable to replace the money he has "borrowed."

A week passes, his debt to his employer ceases to be constantly in his mind, till at length it does not worry him at all. Presently the need for further money crops up, and again he helps himself.

Last time he was, perhaps, a borrower, but, not having repaid the loan and finding the game easy, this time he has degenerated into a thief, for now he has no intention of repaying the sum he has taken, and his one anxiety is to fake the books so that it will not be detected.

The end is of course inevitable. When the chartered accountants come in to go through the books, the faking is discovered and the man in question is branded as a malefactor.

It serves him right in a sense, but I think that the employer ought to be punished too for having put temptation in his way.

It always seems to me that the paying of low wages to a man who has much money passing through his hands is as criminal as hanging outside shopdoors rows of boots in wintry weather.

In the one case, it is the big employer who is tempting his assistants; in the other case it is the shopman who is tempting the poor and needy, but the law never touches them, but only the man who steals the cash or the boots.

If this should meet the eye of any employer who is in the habit of sinning in the way I have indicated, I should advise him most strongly to remodel his system, either by having weekly audits—even if he does the auditing himself—or else by raising the salaries of those to whom the transaction of his business may offer temptation.

WHEN BUYING A BUSINESS.

A point which you must remember, in purchasing a business, is the extent of your ambition and opportunities.

If you want to make the business merely a nucleus for a number of shops, and if you want to make yourself a sort of Whiteley or Lyons on a small scale, you must see to it that there are, in the place where you start, reasonable opportunities for expansion.

This does not, of course, concern the man who is merely looking out for a comfortable little business that will supply him with an income sufficient for his needs.

I do not advocate ambition, for I think that there are more pains than pleasures attached to it, but it is a point which should be carefully considered and settled by the man who is buying a business, for if he is ambitious and finds no opportunity for advancing, he will always be discontented.

FIRMNESS.

A COMMERCIAL NECESSITY.

If there is one thing more than another which a business man needs in his equipment, it is firmness.

You speak of a man being a good salesman and being able to sell things where other men fail to do so; his talent lies simply in the fact that he knows how to overcome what the men he is dealing with call their firmness.

Don't misunderstand me and suppose that I am suggesting weakness in any man who buys; I do no such thing.

Without buying, the world of commerce would come to a standstill, and, besides, there is money to be made by judicious buying as well as by clever selling. To be accurate, the latter is impossible without the former.

But the clever salesman is the man who manages to make you buy something that you do not really need, or something out of which you are not likely to make profit when you come to sell it again; and the very fact that the salesman is an acknowledged power shows that there is a considerable lack of firmness amongst business men.

Many of them, to use an old phrase, "do not know their own minds."

This fact is useful to you if you are persuading them, and it should be useful to you if someone is trying to persuade you against your better judgment.

If you know that you cannot make a profitable use of something that is being offered to you, brace yourself against all inducements to buy it. Remember that you are not going to make money out of the deal, and stick to your guns, no matter how pleasant or persuasive the would-be seller may be.

There are many other occasions in business when firmness is required.

There is no successful man who has not had to call it into play in the course of his career.

It is not only against the powers of persuasion of a seller that you have to be firm. You must be firm also when you are threatened.

Panic is a contemptible thing in a man, and in a business man it is a grievous fault that bars all chances of success, for there will be many occasions when this weakness will be called forth to his detriment if it exists in him.

If you are threatened, weigh the matter up as calmly as you would do if it concerned not yourself but someone who came to you for advice. Eliminate the personal element, and you eliminate fear and panic.

At the same time, there is a difference between considering a danger and being afraid of it. In the former case you can get a solution; in the latter your mental equipment is paralysed for the time.

When you have decided how to act—and let the decision be come to with deliberation—carry out your plans exactly.

In a word, be firm. Treat the matter as you would a game of chess, calculating the moves and foreseeing your adversary's intentions, but do not allow anything he may say to *persuade* you to alter your plans.

You may see that he has the power to *compel* you to do so. That is another matter, and it may be necessary for you to capitulate, but that is altogether different from allowing yourself to drift on the easy tide of persuasion.

An employer who is uniformly firm—as well as just, of course—gets better service than does he who is swayed by complaints and mutterings.

He gets on with his employees much more easily and pleasantly than does the man who is constantly overlooking negligence and faults.

The truth is that we all have to be driven in one way or another, and when a man feels that there is a firm hand on the reins, he goes along all the more pleasantly, and generally he likes his "driver" the better for it.

The man who gives in at all points is respected and liked by no one.

His course is dictated by laziness; he sees that to be firm and to offer resistance would mean trouble, and he shirks taking it.

That is a form of weakness, and, whatever faults may be pardonable in the world of business, weakness is certainly not one of them.

To be successful in these days you have to be very strong.

MINOR COMFORTS.

It is to be regretted that in many shops and offices the minor comforts of the employees are sadly neglected.

I am not speaking against the living-in system or the general standard of wages, but against the parsimony of many employers who refuse to supply such necessities as pencils, paper and string.

A policy of meanness towards employees never pays.

By it you breed a sort of distrust, a feeling that you are suspicious, that there is wastefulness going on. Keep a look-out for waste, by all means, but do not let your carefulness be unpleasantly apparent. You can keep your eye well open without staring.

Your place of business, in whatever line you may be, should be well supplied with all minor comforts. They cost little and improve the output of work.

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Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STERN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

XXXIII.
THE GREAT CHAIN SYNDICATE.

J. T. Dean, formerly of the United States of America, looked decidedly comfortable.

His burly form filled the best armchair in the private office of Messrs. Derwood, Dean, and Co., Moulden; one shapely boot rested across the knee of the other leg, his hands hugging it, while the inevitable long black cigar stuck out from the left corner of his strong, unscrupulous mouth. He was delivering his opinions on the present situation with characteristic *sang froid*.

His partner, Edwin Derwood, in the opposite armchair, listened with tightened lips.

"I say, let him come in," Dean was saying. "This Syndicate's not going to grow until we've got a clear field. We want the chain trade of this country, and we want it the quickest way. I never saw sense in mixing business with personal feuds. We must get Selby in the Syndicate or bust him. Busting him'll cost money and it'll take time."

"You talk as if you have only got to make up your mind to do it, and it's done."

"That's my way," commented Dean casually. "We can't share this trade. He's useful; he's progressive. We want that breed. The other darned men hereabouts whose concerns we control——"

A shrug best indicated his contempt.

"He'll refuse," put in Derwood.

"He can't accept unless we give him the chance."

"He'll never come in," persisted Derwood with conviction. "He's the sort to stand or fall by his own efforts."

"Jesso," J. T. Dean smiled, subtly, cynically. "And you can stake your last dollar it'll be fall, if I say so. But we can do that better with him in than out. Bust him now and he'll be starting again. A man like that makes money natural as taking breath. Waal, when we've got him we'll profit by that."

"How?" queried Derwood doubtfully.

Dean removed his cigar and eyed it.

"Best to catch your chicken before you cook him," he replied. "And this one's a sly bird. He lays low. Lays low, and smiles a friendly smile when you meet him. That means he holds a strong hand or he's bluffin'. Waal, the only way of ascertainin' is to bluff higher. I reckon I'm as good at that game as he is. Not a card played yet. Jest callin'." J. T. Dean's pleasure was real. He replaced the cigar dexterously. "We'll call and see him," he wound up.

"We? You won't find me setting foot in his place."

Unheeding him, Dean leaned forward and turned over the pages of a telephone book.

"I'm not going to risk being snubbed," continued Derwood unpleasantly.

"No risk. That man's got no time for amusement of that sort. Ah! here it is. Three-four-three Central."

"Wait a moment." Derwood put out a restraining hand. "You don't think he has heard that the Syndicate is in process of formation, do you?"

"Unless he's been struck blind, deaf, dumb, or imbecile, I guess he has," returned Dean caustically, taking up the receiver.

Resentment of his action showed in Derwood's face, but Dean was imperturbable.

He got connected, spoke genially, fixed an immediate appointment, and rang off.

"You'll go alone," snapped Derwood, as his partner stood up. Then he changed his mind and got to his feet also. He had far from implicit trust in this cool, domineering American. "No; I'll come. Whatever happens, we musn't mention that Vincent Lyons is likely to take a share in the Syndicate."

Dean paused, with his hand on the knob of the door.

"Why?" he asked.

Derwood hesitated. "Well, Lyons is by no means sure. If he comes in it will be purely to please me. He is a very wealthy man, you know, and merely dabbles in commerce as a pastime."

"Still I don't see why," continued Dean. "I understand Selby's friendly with Lyons. Very good. He'll be more ready to chip in along with a friend." He waited. "There's some other reason," he added, keenly.

"There is," admitted Derwood, with sudden venom. "It isn't only in business that I'm a rival of Richard Selby."

Dean released the handle of the door, and took a quick stride towards Derwood. There was excitement in his steel-blue eyes.

"By gosh!" he exclaimed, and stared. "You mean Lyons has got a daughter? Phew!" He whistled, and gave a shake of the shoulders. His alert, scheming brain had seized on something big.

"D'you know the strength of this?" he jerked out, his head thrust forward a little.

"I've got an idea," said Derwood, with an evil smile.

"If Selby fights us he's fightin' his prospective father-in-law; that it?"

Derwood winced. He did not like to hear that contingency put into words.

"At the least it will mean tying his hands," he admitted.

"By gum, Derwood," said his partner, with ungrudging admiration. "You've got more cuteness than I thought."

"Thanks," said Derwood drily.

"What figure did Lyons mention he would put in?"

"I suggested a few thousand debentures. But he hasn't definitely decided yet. I didn't show that I was anxious. It was just discussed casually."

"A few thousand!" Dean chewed his cigar and thought.

"He would have nothing to do with the matter if he thought it might injure Selby. But, of course, I led him to understand that all the chain-makers were combining, and that it was almost his public duty to be associated with an affair of such local importance."

"Ah!" Dean's reflections were evidently satisfactory. "Waal, I think we've got Selby, refuse or accept."

"I don't see any earthly good in calling on him now," said Derwood.

"I do," replied Dean, decisively. "We want him in because we want his patents. And then there's that innocent smile. I want to guess it's meanin'. When a man can smile, knowin' a big fight's threatenin' . . . ."

He broke off, and turned briskly towards the door.

"We'll start," he said. "I'll tell you a few things going along. One is, that Lyons is comin' in before he's done, not with thousands, but with half a million."

"Here," said Derwood sharply. "You'll play no jiggery-pokery with a friend of mine."

Dean raised his eyebrows and returned the stare coolly.

"A trust like this will want big capital," he observed, "and so long as we can hold out big prospects, your high-and-mighty English gentleman will be as hungry to get his slice as anybody. You leave it to me—*and* the comin' conversation. I've been nursed and fed on this sort of thing."

"Well, if you landed Lyons in a heavy loss——" began Derwood, but Dean promptly interrupted him.

"It won't be Lyons," he said softly, "nor you—nor the Syndicate. The man who's goin' to lose is Selby, or my name's Washington."

And they went out.

II.

"That was Dean," said Richard, putting down the telephone, and tilting back his chair. "He and Derwood are calling round."

Graill looked across from his desk curiously.

"What the deuce for?" he asked.

Richard regarded his secretary and steadfast friend with speculative eyes. "I wonder if they've got wind of this new automatic machine," he said. "That might persuade them to try and arrange terms. Or perhaps they want to offer me the shop of managing director to this trust."

Graill smiled. "I can see you jumping at the opportunity," he observed ironically.

"Well, we shall know soon," said Richard. "Don't clear out when they come. I expect you'll be interested to hear what they've got to say."

An office-boy brought in their cards very shortly, and Richard instructed him to usher them in.

"It will be the ultimatum," guessed Graill in a whisper. "What's the fate of it going to be?"

"The kick-out," answered Richard, briefly.

Then he got up and shook hands with the enemy.

Derwood's manner was one of strained politeness, but Dean was natural cordiality to the core, and he plunged straight to his business.

"We want you with us, not against us," he said, as soon as they were seated. "As a business man, you'll want the proposition first. That so?"

"Go ahead," said Richard.

"It's a syndicate. No doubt you've heard. It's a big thing—too big for you to be out of, Mr. Selby."

"And too big to fight, eh?" commented Richard.

"Half a million sterling," observed Dean calmly.

"So much?" said Richard, easily.

"And we've got to scoop the trade to make it pay. You see, I'm frank with you."

"I appreciate it."

"I guessed you would," continued Dean, unruffled. "Waal, you're the only manufacturer left outside the combine. The only one," he repeated distinctly.

Richard was leaning back in his chair listening abstractedly, and there was nothing whatever to be read from his face.

"We propose," went on Dean, ejecting a stream of smoke luxuriously, "a standard price-list, on a basis that'll be remunerative to all, and subject only to fluctuations in the price of metal."

"Ah!" said Richard, "a monopoly."

"Jesso. But monopolies to be a success, must have no competitors. That's why I'm here, Mr. Selby."

He paused a sufficient length of time for the threat to go home, then proceeded: "All profits will be pooled, and apportioned out according to the output of each firm, *not* according to the capital of each."

"If there are any," remarked Richard.

"If there are any," agreed Dean in the same tone. So that such a concern as yours, Mr. Selby, with its up-to-date machinery, would reap a greater benefit than anybody, because, even in a period of trade depression there would be plenty of orders to keep you running full time."

"Due to the superiority of your machinery," Derwood put in.

"And your profits would be considerably higher than if you stood out," added Dean, again genially threatening.

Richard looked at Derwood.

"You think my machine superior to your American one, then?" he asked.

"Superior—at present," was the reply.

Richard could have laughed aloud. For he now knew that the existence of his automatic machine was still a secret.

"Go on," he told Dean, encouragingly. "I don't see yet that you've offered any advantages other than I hold."

"You hold them now," returned Dean with a significant stress on the last word.

Graill caught Richard's eye and saw that the interview was about to be summarily closed with a refusal. Just at that moment the telephone bell rang.

"Excuse me," said Richard, swivelling his chair round to his desk.

"Hallo!" he called. "Who is that?"

Derwood was in the act of making some observation in an undertone to Dean when the latter's command hushed him suddenly into silence. He had seen a peculiar change pass momentarily over Richard's face.

"Eh?" he whispered, almost inaudibly.

"Yes; I'm here," Richard was saying, and, despite his will, eager pleasure rang in his voice. "How are you? Good! Same here!"

A pause while the person at the other end of the wire spoke.

"No, I haven't heard anything about it," said Richard, and now he sounded cool and wary.

Another silence.

"No, I don't. . . . No. . . . Yes; that's absolutely definite. . . . Long ago. I've been preparing for it. I say, is he with me *now*? Will you ask him if he will have a word with me?"

As if feeling a strange stillness of the atmosphere all three of the men in the office were hanging on Richard's words intently. Evidently the answer to the question was in the affirmative.

"Hallo," continued Richard. "Shall I wait? Are you there? . . . Yes; certainly. And, I say, it's really awfully good of you to have——" He broke off and laughed, said good-bye, and laid down the receiver.

"Where were we?" he asked, facing round, and the smile died away from his face. "I think we were considering the advantages to myself if I join this Syndicate. Well, while we're at it, I'd better hear the disadvantages if I refuse."

He was addressing himself directly to Dean, and there was a fighting glint in his eyes which his words belied. Into the mind of Graill had leaped the conviction that something had happened in that brief telephonic conversation to put a different complexion on the face of affairs.

"The disadvantage," replied Dean pleasantly, "is——"

Richard made no haste to answer, but searched in a leisurely manner for his pipe and pouch and filled the pipe thoughtfully.

"Against half a million," he observed.

"Sterling," Dean prompted him.

"That's a powerful lot of money," said Richard, striking a match.

"We hope it'll be enough," said Dean, "but if there's plenty more to be got, eh? How many backers did you say were with you?"

"I said yourself."

Richard tapped his teeth with his pipe. Palpably he was wavering.

"You'd cut down prices to a ruinous figure, I suppose?" he asked.

Dean made a deprecatory gesture. "We don't want to, for our own sakes," he said.

"You could float an opposition company on the strength of my machines," went on Richard, "if I refused. I couldn't fight you otherwise."

"We think of getting control of the iron output as well," said Dean.

"With half a million?" exclaimed Richard incredulously.

"Quoting a standard price for that too," continued Dean imperturbably, "of course, with the Syndicate obtaining preference."

"Easier said than done," said Richard, grimly. "What do you think, Derwood?"

Derwood stirred restlessly. There was something going on beneath the surface that caused him uneasiness.

"The works that can supply the iron used in the chain trade are few," he said.

"M—m!" Richard pondered again.

"Yes or no, Mr. Selby?" asked Dean, politely. Then he bent forward and began an impressive oration. "Let's scan the facts," he said. "You, I take it, are a man with between twenty and thirty thousand pounds capital. Possibly you make a couple of thousand a year net profit, possibly double. In course of time it might grow to half as much again.

"We—" his voice became enthusiastic—"we can offer you a big share in a concern that's going to make millions. It won't stop with chain. It won't stop with iron. It's going to control in time all the galvanised trades of this country, all the nail output, all the——"

"Excuse me," said Richard, the telephone bell having caused another interruption.

His first words created a startling effect. Derwood half sprang to his feet, and glared, first at Richard, then questioningly at Dean. There was a dangerous look on the latter's face. Graill's heart leapt exultantly.

"Is that you, Mr. Lyons?" Richard had said. "Yes, I'm first rate, thanks. Miss Lyons rang up a short time ago—ah, yes! She said you wanted my opinion of this Chain Syndicate, because you thought of lending it your support . . . Thanks; it's very good of you to say so. I think I can give you some information about it. . . What's that? . . . No; I never had the slightest intention of joining it; I don't hold with trusts. I'd rather fight them. . . ."

A smile slowly settled on the American's lips.

"Well," Richard was answering, "I'll tell you in confidence my personal conviction is that the great Chain Syndicate will prove a frost."

Derwood's breath hissed audibly between his teeth.

It was just at such moments as this that he felt he would like to speak, and to say something strong, convincing, beneficial to his own interests, but now, as on other similar occasions, the words did not present themselves.

He bit his lips and listened with all his ears to what Richard was saying over the wire.

"You haven't committed yourself? I'm glad to hear it. . . . Then you'll follow my lead."

Even Dean bent forward a little, and his cigar jerked up as his teeth bit into it.

Richard half turned so that he could watch him. Till Lyons' reply was finished their glances met and clung like crossed rapiers.

"Right," said Richard, "then that's clearly understood? you stand out of it?"

Evidently "Yes" and then a remark that made Richard laugh.

"Yes," he said, "I didn't expect it would impoverish you, even if it turned out a bad spec. But you never know but what you might have been urged to invest a good deal more if the firm got into rough water. None of us care to desert a sinking ship, do we?"

"Good-bye."

Dean was already on his feet. He knew when he was worsted.

"It's war then," he said cheerfully, "and the first skirmish goes to you. I congratulate you."

Richard shook the outstretched hand, returned the lame bow of Derwood's, and stood rigid until they had gone out.

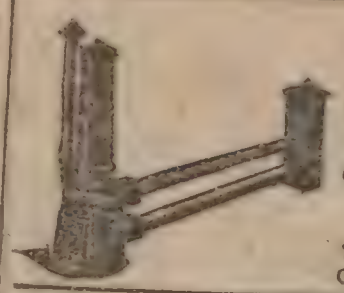
Then he sat down and wiped his face. Graill saw with dismay that he was white.

"By the lord," said Richard. "If I'm not the luckiest man in England! Graill, did you follow all that? That was the most devilishly clever move they could have made. Lyons was practically indifferent one way or the other. If he'd just happened to give his word to them. . . . If I hadn't been rung up at this exact time. . . .

"Gad! lucky!" he finished, and clenched his hands.

And both were thinking who had been instrumental in bringing the luck about.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]



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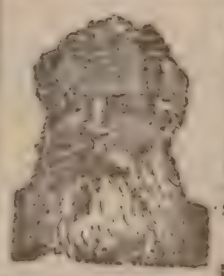

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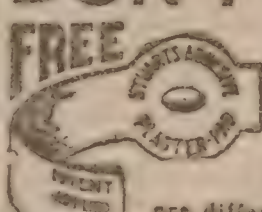

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WHY NOT BUY A PONY?

SOME OF THE POINTS TO LOOK FOR.

A good pony is a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. A beauty in little, it is true, but none the less a beauty with his small, well-cut head, bright, intelligent eyes, long tail, powerful, yet symmetrical frame, and general air of dash, alertness, and good sportsmanship, while as to his being a joy for ever, there can be no doubt.

He will carry you longer distances than many a big horse, and he will take you across country and over tracks where no horse would venture. He is easy to ride, quiet to drive; he will never give in so long as he has breath in his body, and while he has plenty of fire, his docility and good temper make him an admirable pet for children.

Further, he is cheap. Good ponies, ponies with more than a bit of blood in them, were never so cheap as now—provided, that is, that in addition to being class animals they do not happen to be just the right size for polo. If they are, then their value is enormously increased.

POLO "CAST-OFFS."

But it is just the spread of polo that is responsible for the prevalence of really good and cheap riding and harness ponies. Pony breeders all over the country are striving to produce the polo pony of 14·2, or not much under—certainly not a fraction over—but Nature is not to be coerced, and much of the stock exceeds or falls too far below the required standard, or lacks one or other of the points essential in a polo pony.

Every polo pony should also be a riding pony, but all riding ponies are not suitable for polo, and these "misfits"—though really the term is too harsh to apply to animals perfect, except for polo—you can pick up for not much over a £10 note.

Some people swear by Welsh ponies, others by those of Exmoor or Dartmoor, while others, again, vaunt the praises of the New Forest pony. I am inclined to say, as the Highlander said of whisky, that while some ponies are better than others, there are no bad ponies—the average pony, wherever he comes from, has the racial characteristics of pluck, intelligence and hardiness.

THE BEST BREEDS.

However, here are some notes on the points of our principal native breeds which may assist you in buying a riding pony.

The Exmoor pony is a little chap, averaging 12 hands, and he should not go over 13 hands. But like many a little 'un, he is good all through, and probably unsurpassed for endurance and carrying power, though, no doubt, natives of Dartmoor and other parts of the country will dispute this statement.

He is generally dark bay or brown, with black points, though greys are not unknown; but chestnut is a bad colour, not only in this, but in most ponies.

His forehead and nostrils are wide—points common to all good ponies; he has a mealy nose, sharp ears, good shoulders and back, and short legs. He is a charming fellow, but not showy, for, as a rule, action is not his strongest point.

The Dartmoor pony is bigger than his neighbour of Exmoor, running from 13.2 for mares to 14 hands in the case of stallions, though I know some good judges hold that his proper height is from 12.2 to 13 hands. Anyway, he is wonderfully game, and is best coloured brown, black, or bay, though grey is allowable. He should have a small, blood-like head, and a strong neck, neither short nor long.

The Fell pony is a weight-carrier if ever there was one. And he is speedy, too, this very powerful fellow, with the deep chest, deep, sloping shoulders, fine withers, and extraordinary muscle and bone. He is a very hairy animal, best, perhaps, when jet black, save for a white star, but good also brown or bay, and now and again if he is grey.

The North Wales pony should not be over 12.2, and bay or brown are his best colours, although black or grey are permissible. He carries his tail like an Arab, and has the action of a hunter, stepping out well from the shoulder, and bringing his hind legs well under him when going.

SOUTH WALES AND NEW FOREST.

The South Wales pony, when pure-bred, is only about 12 hands; has a quick, straight action, and is as sure-footed as any mountain goat. His forelegs are good, but his hindquarters are often bad. However, he has blood, courage, and sense, and a most robust constitution.

The New Forest pony is perhaps the most docile and best-tempered of all ponies, *once they have been fairly broken.* Before that they are perfect little devils, and never give in until absolutely cornered. Afterwards they are always gay and alert, and a true New Forest pony never sulks, in this respect setting a good example to many mortals.

Ponies of all breeds have been so tremendously crossed for centuries that you do not often come across one that exhibits all the characteristics of his true race. Thus you may mate two, so far as you know, pure-bred Welsh ponies, but some far off Arab strain in sire or dam will assert itself, and the foal will have Arab traits, just as in humans a touch of the "tar brush" will, after generations, come out in the most unexpected and unwelcome manner.

WHAT TO LOOK FOR.

However, pony character is marked in all ponies worth their keep, and the chief general points you should look for in buying a pony are:—

1. An appearance of hardness and a lively, intelligent air.
2. A small head, well chiselled and well set on, with a broad forehead, tapering to the nose.
3. Bright, mild, and intelligent eyes. A sunken-eyed pony will probably be bad-tempered and of poor constitution.
4. Neat, small ears.
5. Strong neck, but not too heavy, and of fair length.
6. Good shoulders, well laid back and sloping, but not too fine at the withers, nor loaded at the points.
7. Short back, with powerful hindquarters, and hocks well let down with plenty of bone below the joint.
8. Well-placed forelegs, not tied in any way at the elbows, short from the knee to the fetlock joints, with flat bone and pasterns sloping, but not too long, and well-developed feet open at the heel.
9. A general air of power and muscularity combined with activity.

A good pony should have many of the characteristics of a blood hunter, notably in the way of courage, stamina, and carrying power. At the same time a pony is *not* a dwarf horse. A dwarf horse is a freak, with the appearance of a horse without its power.

A pony has his own characteristics and his own "character"—a character which makes him one of the most lovable of friends, pets, and servants.

G. LIVINGSTONE.

TIMING EXPOSURES.

SOME PHOTOGRAPHIC NOTES BY AN EXPERT.

Having decided on his outfit, the amateur will find it necessary to study the question of exposure. The importance of correct exposure can hardly be over-estimated. A moment's thought will show that exposure of some sort is essential for the very existence of negative at all, consequently, the quality of the negative (and, in turn, the prints) very largely depends upon correctness of exposure.

The correct exposure is that which gives us the nearest approach to the desired result with normal development.

The character of the subject is in all cases the starting point for our considerations. The first point to notice is the range of light and shade, or scale of gradations.

Suppose a landscape to contain a whitewashed cottage, brown thatched roof, some overhanging trees, and an open doorway showing us a patch that looks almost black.

In bright sunshine we have here a range of tones, that is to say, of light and shade, extending from the white cottage, grey-brown roof, darker trees to the black doorway. A heavy cloud passes over the sun, and instantly the range of tones is shortened. The same scene on a grey or misty winter's day shows still less range.

Now, whatever may be the light and character of the subject, we should aim to adjust our standard exposure so as to preserve its general character. A photograph taken on a bright day, when Nature is sparkling with well-marked light and shade effects, may, by modified exposure and development, be made to yield an effect more suggestive of grey dull day lighting.

Clearly this would not be true to nature. Our mental standard exposure should be that which yields us results corresponding as closely as may be to the light and shade character of the subject at the moment the exposure was made.

Among the various tables of exposures that have been published from time to time is one which only takes cognisance of one factor only, the distance of the subject from the camera. In this case we only pay regard to the nearest part of the picture.

We label our subjects distance, middle distance or foreground, according as the nearest part of our picture comes within any of the three above mentioned regions. Then, roughly speaking, the same object situated in the middle distance would only require half the exposure that it would when in the foreground region, and only one quarter as much if in the distance region.

We can put the matter very simply, thus:

	Foreground. ft. yds. 10 to 10	Middle Distance. yds. 10 to 100.	Distance Beyond 100 yds.
Relative Exposure	1	½	¼

For example, suppose we had the same house and cart at fifteen feet, fifty yards, and three hundred yards as the nearest object in three different pictures, and previous experience had taught us that the most distant picture required a one-fiftieth second exposure, then the table tells us that the middle distance arrangement would require double this, one twenty-fifth second, and the foreground case would require double that again, say one-twelfth second.

Note that this table only pretends to indicate approximate relative exposures for the same subject at different distances, while all other things (lens, stop, plate, light, &c.) remain the same.

In dealing with street scenes where the houses are fairly high, the width of the street must be taken into account. The narrower the street the longer the exposure required. One can get a good idea of the relative exposures in different streets by standing in the middle of the street and noting what angle of sky is visible above the houses. A narrow street with low houses would give us the same sky angle as a wide street with high houses.

THE FIND-

BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

G. G. (Drogheda).—Get one of those narrow collars where the two sides are stitched together. It will sink in amongst the hair, and will prevent your dog's coat from getting cut at the neck.

E. W. B. (Plymouth).—Wristlet watches of the old-fashioned type, where an ordinary sized watch was fitted into a heavy leather strap, are quite out of date. The fashionable type of wristlet watch is now a very small and almost ladylike affair, so small, in fact, that you are scarcely conscious of its presence upon your wrist. If you get one, see that it is so fixed in the wrist strap that twelve o'clock is farthest from you when you are holding the handle-bar of your bicycle or the reins. This is a very small point, but it makes for the efficiency and utility of a wristlet watch.

D. H. (Manningtree).—Your not being able to remember all the details of your local train service does not in any way show that your powers of memory are defective. A time-table is one of those things that it is not worth while to commit to memory. Cut out the section referring to the trains you are in the habit of using and paste it into your pocket-book.

J. B. (Bettws-y-Coed).—The differences in the prices of pigskin leggings are explained by the fact that the quality of the hides varies. The best leather is selected for the guinea pairs, the second best for the fifteen shilling pairs, and so on down the scale. All the same, you can very frequently get a pair for half a guinea that look every bit as well as a guinea pair.

R. E. (Newcastle).—The article "How to Keep a Rifle" appeared in No. 19. That on "Will Power" appeared in No. 5. Either may be had post free for two penny stamps.

A. T. (Hartlepool).—If your varicose veins are so pronounced as to cause you alarm, you should certainly see a doctor about them before starting cross-country work.

S. P. (Wroxham).—Don't worry so much about your food. The one thing necessary is to get a first-class appetite and to satisfy it with something wholesome. Unless you pull yourself up, you will rapidly develop into a food faddist.

B. McC. (Derby).—"Richard Selby, Englishman," started in No. 19. A complete set of the paper containing all the Selby stories can be obtained through any newsagent.

D. G. (Nottingham).—By all means spend the little extra that is necessary for the purchase of gold sleeve-links. It is a waste of money to keep on buying rolled-gold, gold-faced, and other imitation articles. Plank down your twelve or fifteen shillings with some reputable local jeweller and get a set of sleeve-links that you may be proud of always.

J. R. A. (Chesterfield). — Ju-jitsu is extremely useful and interesting, but it does not develop the muscles so much as either wrestling or boxing.

W. S. (Stone).—The article on "Sprinting" appeared in No. 9, to be had for two penny stamps.

R. W. (Gloucester).—Our anniversary number is in active preparation, and we do not think that you or any other reader will have cause to be dissatisfied with it.

L. F. W. (Mumbles).—We receive many hundred manuscripts in a week and it is impossible for us to give a detailed criticism of each one. If you care to send us your article, however, it will be carefully considered.

J. G. B. (Ilfracombe).—No. Not this week.

P. H. (Perth).—Handkerchiefs are as worthy of attention as any other part of a man's wardrobe. Frequently they are torn by a careless laundress or servant pinning them on to a clothes-line with ordinary pins instead of clothes-pegs. The small holes that result ought to be sewn together at once. Otherwise they will rapidly increase in size, and will make your handkerchief look a rag.

[A number of replies are unavoidably held over.]

HIGH SPIRITS AT THE 'VARSITY

GLIMPSES OF UNDERGRADUATE LIFE

If you wandered into a college quad on the night of a bump-supper, or a "cupper," or some such festive occasion, you might think at first that you had discovered pandemonium.

On second thoughts you would probably decide that you were beholding the sad sight of a number of young gentlemen who were very much the worse for liquor; yet in nearly every case you would be wrong.

In the lurid glare of a gigantic bonfire that flickers on the grey, creeper-covered walls, throwing up their gables, and making the windows look like disapproving eyes, would be a mob of yelling undergraduates. Some are dancing a sort of war dance round the fire that is still sending showers of sparks to heaven; others are letting off fireworks with an immunity from accident due rather to luck than management.

Others, again, with almost superhuman energy, are hauling packing cases and brushwood supplied by the thoughtful authorities, together with an occasional table or chair from some "outsider's" rooms, and hurling them upon the blaze.

One adventurous spirit is engaged in the endeavour to enter his rooms on the first floor by means of the window instead of the more usual combination of stairs and door.

UNDER THE EYES OF AUTHORITY.

And all the while the dons and tutors stand and look on, taking no very active part in the proceedings, it is true, beyond the lighting of the bonfire, but remembering the days when they too were undergraduates, and recounting to some rioter who has paused for a rest, tales of past Cup Suppers they have seen.

When they have retired to their firesides, or to the Common Room, the last restraint is gone. In one corner of the quad, perhaps, you will find twenty or thirty stalwart young men, falling over each other in the endeavour to uproot a well-grown sapling. Another band will disappear mysteriously to start an unofficial bonfire on the flower bed in a back quadrangle, a sacrilege which the college porter and a fire hose usually nip in the bud.

Then follows a good-natured, but one-sided tussle between the rioters and the porter armed with the hose, until someone manages to unscrew the pipe at the hydrant and disarm him.

The stream of water shoots up from the ground like a miniature geyser, until the bystanders are almost ankle deep, and they are finally routed by one of their number, fully dressed, sitting calmly upon the nozzle, while the water sprays out generously around him.

THE INTOXICATION OF YOUTH.

You think, perhaps, that these young men must be drunk to behave like this. So they are, if you will, but drunk with the wine of life—with the exuberance of animal spirits that find their vent on such occasions as this. Yet many of them will have drunk nothing stronger than lemonade that day, and some have for weeks previously denied themselves many of the luxuries of life to win the success they celebrate.

No one in the world can signalise a victory like a 'Varsity undergraduate. He lets himself go and makes as much noise as he can. It is all very harmless and refreshing, in spite of the occasional tirades which are called forth from the daily papers by a wholly exaggerated report in cold print of some new "rag." It is just the bubbling over of animal spirits.

Sometimes the 'Varsity man lets himself go in broad daylight. It may be the last day of Eights or "Toggers" at Oxford, and his College boat has done great things.

Along the towpath, perhaps knee-deep in flood water, dash a number of supporters clad in scanty white flannels, with towsled hair and mud-splashed blazers, twirling rattles, ringing bells, blowing horns, and firing pistols, or yelling with the little breath they can spare.

Each of the weird noises on the bank means something to the straining oarsmen in the boat, and tells them their distance from the crew in front.

But it is the scene that follows, when the bump is made and the victorious boat returns to the raft at the College barge, that is most typical of the animal spirits of the 'Varsity man.

A DISCORDANT PAEAN.

On the towpath opposite is a seething mob of triumphant undergraduates, and the crew as they paddle smartly up are greeted with volleys of revolver-shots, and an inharmonious concerto on horn and rattle, bell and whistle, with a vocal score that adds no little to the din.

Then there is a splash and one of those in front leaps just as he is into the shallow muddy waters of the Isis. The others follow him like ducklings after their mother, and soon the whole crowd is swimming gaily across the river, yelling as they go.

I have seen an Old Blue swimming across with the coveted cap on his head, firing a revolver into the air as he swam. I have seen another man, clad in flannels and sweater, swimming across ringing a dinner bell above his head, and yet another enthusiast making his way across in a heavy tweed suit—collar, boots, cap, spectacles, and all.

I have seen, too, what nearly became a tragedy—the heir to a peerage being all but drowned in full view of thousands of men and women who thought his cries for help were feigned.

It is not always so easy to swim across fifty yards or so of river with a strong current running, and rowing shorts and shoes and socks on your legs, as I know from experience.

LETTING HIMSELF GO.

But the undergraduate, when once he "runs amok," does not stop to think of details like that. He gives himself up to the impulses of the moment, and "does the thing that's nearest."

You will see things done in the 'Varsity cities that men would get locked up for anywhere else—quite harmless things, but still things that are not usually done.

For instance, if you hired a taxicab in London, and intimated your desire to ride down Piccadilly on the roof of it, there would probably be an inquiry into the state of your mind. But such a thing in "The High," at Oxford, would call forth no more than a passing smile.

The undergraduate does many foolish things, no doubt, and they look still more foolish when recorded on paper, to those who know not the 'Varsity towns, and the conditions of life there. Many people seem to think that his whole time is occupied in such escapades as I have referred to, but they are the exception, not the rule.

The next morning, if not the same night, he will be hard at work again, as if nothing had happened. Most men *do* work at the 'Varsity, though it is popularly supposed that they do not.

Where two or three young men are gathered together, there, sooner or later, will their animal spirits get the best of them.

JOHN GERVAISE.

The Outer Man.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

A NEW JACKET.

It is interesting to learn from a recent number of a trade paper that there is "a sudden outbreak" of a new style of coat, of which the principle has been largely anticipated by the "Territorial Mufti Suit" which your Editor and I designed more than a month ago.

The new jacket is known in the trade as "The University Coat," owing to its popularity at the 'Varsities.

As our contemporary remarks, "it has a good deal of the sporting character about it."

It resembles the "Mufti Suit" in so far as the front of the jacket is just the ordinary three or four button lounge, with rounded fronts, and that it has four patch pockets like those of a Norfolk or a uniform service jacket.

At the back, however, it bears more resemblance to a golfing coat, and is therefore unsuited for town wear, as it is cut very full across the shoulders and has a tightly-fitting half-belt at the back of the waist which goes from one side-seam to the other.

For the golfer and for country wear the "University coat" is undoubtedly an improvement on the Norfolk as far as smartness goes, without any great loss of comfort, though the old-fashioned Norfolk probably has more wear in it.

DISREGARDING THE FASHION.

I have referred before to the importance of some slight touch of individuality in a well-dressed man's attire. Too many men stick slavishly to the predominant fashion, and will not allow a single detail of their clothes to vary from it.

Not only is this foolish, owing to the lack of originality, but the prevailing fashion is not likely to suit everybody. There are numerous details which may suit the appearance or comfort of one man, and not that of another.

If you have found by experience that a certain detail of style suits you better than that which ousts it, by all means refuse to move with the times in that point. If you prefer your handkerchief pocket outside, it is far better to keep it there, for as far as appearance goes there is very little difference between that and the more fashionable position inside.

So with the waistcoat collar, and the rounded corners of a lounge coat, if you prefer the old style and like your waistcoat with lapels and your coat with square corners, by all means keep to the old fashion.

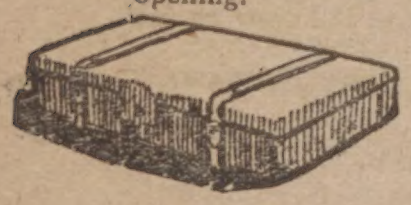
It will not really look out of date, for in all essentials, of course, your suit will be cut according to the modern style. It will even give a touch of distinction.

But it is only in the details that a man can afford to disregard the fashion. If he appears in a lounge jacket of the old short, high-rolled type, with no waist and no slit up the back, and so on, he forfeits all claim to smartness.

WAISTCOAT COLLARS.

There is very little that is new in the world of fashion, and one detail after another of those that were in vogue many years ago comes back into popular favour after a period of exile.

There seems to be a distinct return to popularity of the waistcoat with turned-back lapels at the opening.



The desirability of the fashion is, of course, a matter of opinion, but personally I think it is more effective than the sharp edge of an opening cut without lapels.

It is certainly to be recommended to the man who is not very well favoured in the matter of chest measurement, and also to the man with a head which is larger than the normal. The lapels lying close against the chest seem to give it an added importance, and in either of the above cases that is exactly what is required.

MAKING THE MOST OF YOURSELF.

Too few men take the trouble to suit the cut of their clothes to their personal peculiarities. "What's one man's meat is another man's poison" is a proverb which is also true—metaphorically—of clothes.

The same cut will not suit a tall man and a short, a well-built man and a slight one, and so on. You must cut your cloth not only according to your purse but according to your person.

The waistcoat with lapels is one expedient for counteracting certain peculiarities. Another is the wearing of "peg-top" trousers. I do not refer to the balloon-like monstrosities produced by the American tailor, but to the trouser that is just a little wider round the thighs than at the ankles.

This is the ideal leg-covering for a slightly-built man, as it seems to give him an appearance of good development without the ungainliness of really baggy trousers.

RUBBER HEEL-PADS.

A reader asks my opinion as to the advisability of rubber heels being shaped to the heel or of the circular variety.

Personally I am in favour of the circular pad, which is fixed by a single screw and clamped down by a cross of metal. The real wear on a heel comes mainly at the back, and with a revolving pad one is able to prevent it getting worn in one place only.

The fixed and shaped pad no doubt looks better, but when it becomes worn at the back, as the best must do in time, the remainder of the pad becomes so much waste rubber.

The original cost of the rubber heel is more than equalled by the saving in boot leather, to say nothing of the comfort gained. The Wood-Milne heel-pad has long ousted all competitors in the matter of quality, as the rubber of which it is made wears considerably better than leather.

THE CARE OF GLOVES.

The average man nowadays wears gloves, and often his glove bill will be heavy simply because he has no idea of how to take care of them.

Before putting on new kid gloves, they should be placed between the folds of a damp towel an hour beforehand, when they will be found much easier to put on. The damp causes the kid to become more pliable, so that it will stretch to the required shape without cracking or splitting.

Evening dress gloves, or light gloves of any description, may be made to retain a nice appearance for a long time, if, after each time of wearing, they are rubbed with fine breadcrumbs, thereby removing any surface dirt which may be on them.

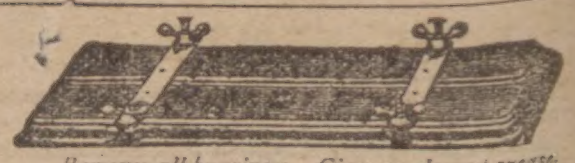
THE HIP POCKET.

It is a great mistake to have a pair of trousers or breeches made without a hip pocket.

With the present wide-skirted lounge coat, this is the best receptacle for such bulky articles as the tobacco pouch or cigarette case, for they are hidden from view by the loose skirt of the jacket, and do not spoil the shape of the figure.

Be careful to see, however, when trying on the suit, that the pocket is not so placed that you will sit upon its contents whenever you put anything in it.

It is not a bad plan to have even two hip pockets, one on each side. You will thus be able to carry your pouch in one, and your pipe or cigarette case in the other, without in any way damaging the shape of your suit.



Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease.

Price 5/9 Carriage Paid.

I SAVE YOU 50 per cent. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome polished Oak. Full length. Take 4 pair. Guaranteed 5 years. 7 DAYS' APPROVAL. Money returned if not satisfied.

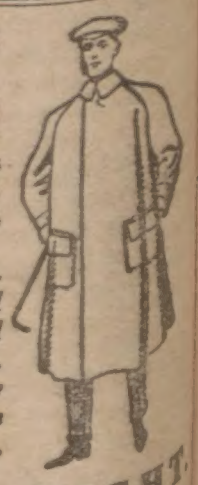
Send for Illustrated List, Free.

CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.

THE MODERN MAC

FOR

THE MODERN MAN



Must first of all be smart, and in this point alone these coats excel. But this is only one of their many good qualities too numerous to mention. They are also

Guaranteed absolutely waterproof. Serviceable. Well ventilated. Fitted with bound facings and non-conductors. The materials are the very latest. The cut and style leave nothing to be desired, and above all

THE PRICE IS RIGHT.

Made in all the latest Brown, Green and Tweed Mixtures at all prices

FROM 19/6 to 42/-

YOU HAVE 36 COATS TO SELECT FROM.

Money returned if not satisfied.

Consider that alone. If you want the latest and best waterproof on the market to-day let us send you

PARTICULARS AND PATTERNS POST FREE.

We will tell you **which** is best and **why** it's best. **SEND NOW.**

GEO. DUDLEY & Co.

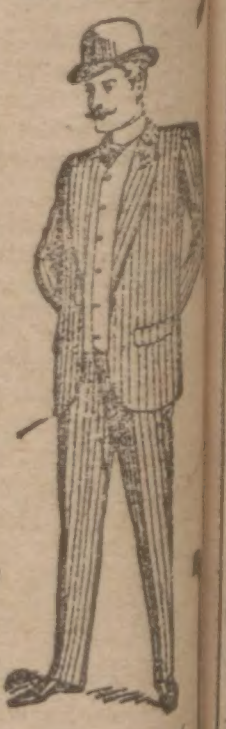
1, Harwood House, Westbourne Green, London, S.W.

IMPORTANT.

WHY not have your suit cut by the man who fitted H.M. the **KING?**

FACE to face we know we could convince you to order your Autumn Suit from us and be fitted by **Mr. ELLIS,** who was for ten years principal cutter to a Bond Street House, numbering Royalty amongst its clientèle. But as we have no travellers we must depend upon our advertisement and our tailoring to increase our Business. We want your custom.

We Buy and Sell for cash, eliminating the cost of credit. We do not maintain any travellers, eliminating another cost. These two costs not existing in our business, we can provide you with equal Quality Clothes as in Bond Street at practically Half their usual charges.



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LOUNGE SUIT in Indigo Blue, New Brown, New Green **MATERIALS.** **50/-**

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Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.

J. & H. ELLIS,

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This is a sample of style and fit. *We give it.*

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And 20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

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Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Wanted, pair black or brown hunting boots, calf 14in, size eights, not patent.—Box 1241, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Officer given up hunting. Hat, by White, never used, size seven-one-eighth, price 10s.; breeches, by Tautz, all good order, 2 white moleskins, 15s. each; 1 brown leathers, cost 8gs, 40s; waist 37in, calf 15½in.—Box 1243, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For the Modern Mac see advt., Dudley, page 24.

Dark grey 50s. suit; new; 25s. Dark 50s. overcoat; 20s. Dark green woollen waistcoat; 7s. 6d.; height 5ft. 6in., chest 33½in.—Box 1238, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Brown suit, 36 chest, 4 nearly new shirts, 2 pairs cuffs, 3 vests, 2 white slips, 1 pair blue serge trousers, 6 pairs fancy socks, 14 silk ties, 15 collars, all in splendid condition; the lot to clear, 30s.; a bargain; too cheap for approval.—Box 1224, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

158. Sandell-Grey Developer, with full course, quite new, accept 7s. 6d.—Box 1233, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Sandow's Developer and Chest Expander, cost 12s. 6d., take 7s.; Ticka Enlarging Box, cost 4s. 6d., take 2s. 6d.—J. B. Grey, 125, Calabria Road, Highbury, N.

Wanted, set of Golf Clubs; cheap.—Box 1234, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Rook or Rabbit Rifle; take down 22 bore; good condition; cost £2 10s.; sell 20s.—Box 1237, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Two good pair Boxing Gloves for sale, cheap; 8s. lot.—Box 1239, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Clease's Extensor. Exerciser; bargain, 8s. 6d.; guaranteed, splendid condition.—Box 1240, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

RIDING AND DRIVING.

Wanted, pair carriage lamps and pair horse clippers; exchange 40lb. beam scales, printing outfit, revolver, binoculars, or good tea.—Box 1245, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, Cape cart hood, for car beam 49in., length 7ft.—Box 1246, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SADDLERY.

Sacrifice, gentleman's splendid riding saddle and accessories, 35s. Approval.—Box 1248, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, gentleman's saddle, with quilted or padded seat, in good condition; also two horse rugs.—Box 1249, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

CYCLES.

Motor Bicycle (Clarendon), 3 h.-p., M.O.V., low, perfect order, good tyres, new tubes, owner going away; £9, or nearest offer.—17, Hampstead Road, Preston, Brighton.

Gent.'s Raleigh Roadster, Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear case; enamelled green lined; Palmer tyres, new 2 months; cost 11 guineas; accept £8.—Box 1236, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

"DIGS."

Comfortable board-residence, two or three friends, in old farmhouse, near London; rough shooting, fishing, &c.; terms moderate.—Box 1251, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Tooting.—Good home offered, gentleman, close common, trams, and railway; terms moderate; board as required.—Box 1226, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

DOGS.

Sell or exchange fox terrier bitch; by a champion; £2.—Scrafton, 130, Clarendon Road, Middlesbrough.

POULTRY YARD.

Wanted, two secondhand poultry-breeding houses, with scratching sheds; would exchange lady's bicycle, almost new.—Box 1252, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Heating apparatus of all kinds for all purposes.—See Marathon Boiler Co.'s advertisement, page 21.

Incubators, Hearson's, 120 eggs, all complete, £4, or nearest offer.—Box 1253, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MUSIC.

B flat Cornet. (Bessons), with A shank, in leather case, splendid tone, good condition. Approval, 30s.—Abbott, Bective Road, Kirkby Lonsdale.

Violin, in case complete, will exchange for something useful.—T. W. Bennett, 112, Sheffield Road, Rotherham.

STAMPS.

Some foreign Stamps for sale or exchange.—Apply G. Dobson, 371, Hessle Road, Hull.

Wanted, Good Stamp Collection, old colonials preferred; condition essential; cheap for cash—W. G. Walder, 17, Dingwall Road, Croydon.

EDUCATIONAL.

Good Handwriting. Complete lessons of new simple method. Postal order 1s.—B. Bargh, 2, Broomhall Road, Old Whittington, near Chesterfield.

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Shorthand.—See Sloan-Duployan advt., page 19.

MEDICAL.

Skin Troubles, certain cure; particulars for stamp. Trial 1s.—Box 1232, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 685, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Look! A good recipe for making your own Shampoo; send 1s. 1d., it will bring it to your door.—J. Hepworth, Cluntergate, Horbury, near Wakefield.

Fits cured. Famous physician's recipe; 5s.—Fitz-Patrick Drug Store, Armfield Plain, co. Durham.

All Modern Men use "Embro," the ideal embrocation and muscle-producer; unsurpassed for sprains, stiffness, &c.; stamps, 1s. 1d.—Specialities, 104, York-road, West Hartlepool.

Dr. Carter's Embrocation is invaluable to all true sportsmen and athletes.—See "Model Home" Specialities advt., page 16.

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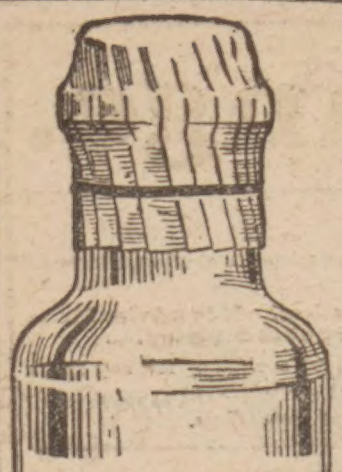

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